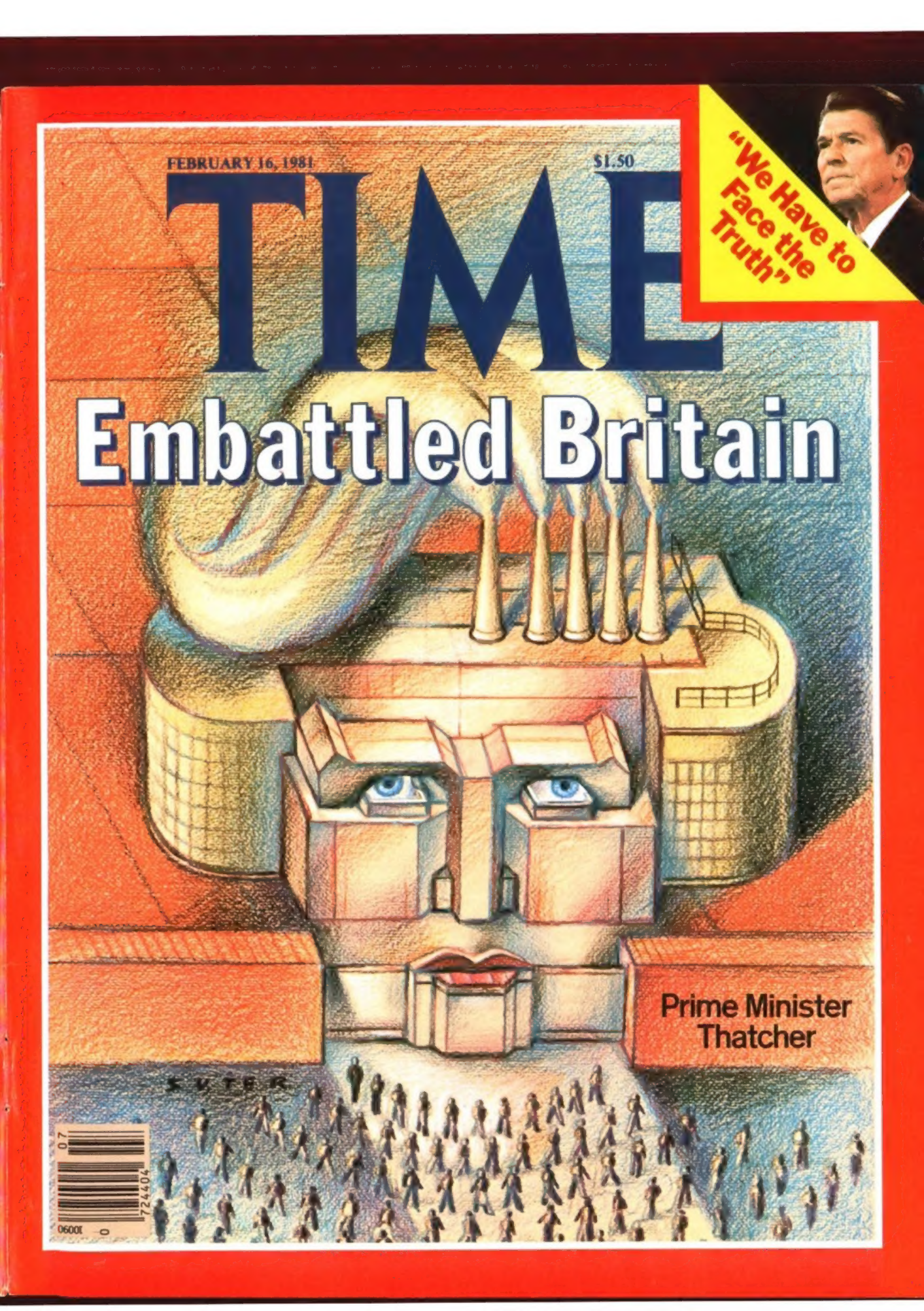
FEBRUARY 16, 1981
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TIME
"We Have to Face the Truth"
Embattled Britain
Prime Minister Thatcher
SUTER

Consumer Orientation
No. 10 in a Series
Subject:
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10 Porsche 924 Turbo

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FEBRUARY 16, 1981 Vol. 117 No. 7

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

A Letter from the Publisher

Sitting down to interview Margaret Thatcher for this week's cover story, London Bureau Chief Bonnie Angelo was struck by the subtle ways in which the Prime Minister had changed during her nearly two years in office. Says Angelo, who interviewed Thatcher for TIME's cover on her election in May 1979: "That first meeting took place in Mrs. Thatcher's bare, cramped campaign headquarters just before the elections; she was aggressive, and a bit edgy. This time, in the Prime Minister's study at 10 Downing Street, she was more relaxed, yet very much in command. All the slings and arrows that come with political leadership have strengthened her somehow. She seems to thrive on the challenge." Angelo, who covered six U.S. Presidents, from Eisenhower to Carter, in 20 years as a Washington correspondent, finds Thatcher unique among the leaders she has interviewed. Says she: "Mrs. Thatcher never equivocates; she is almost evangelistic in her fervor, unwavering in her beliefs. U.S.-style consensus politics would be anathema to her: she doesn't simply state her views—she is determined to convince you."

SUTTON—GAMMA/LIAISON

Angelo interviewing Thatcher at 10 Downing Street

To better understand Britain's embattled Conservative leadership and the turmoil in the Labor Party, Angelo spoke with politicians from Brighton to Blackpool, from far left to far right. Meanwhile, Correspondent Arthur White delved into the life of a young radical leader, and Frank Melville traced the evolution of Thatcher's economic policies. Correspondent Erik Amfitheatrof interviewed dozens of distressed workers. He found a surprising number who say they are sticking with Thatcher no matter how painful the consequences —and for some the consequences are painful indeed. Says Amfitheatrof: "One metalworker who had just been laid off at a plant near Manchester despaired of ever finding another job in his field. His father had worked at the plant before him. 'My family's always been in engineering,' he told me. Then he showed me his hands: 'You feel it. It's in your hands and your blood.' " Associate Editor Marguerite Johnson, who wrote the main story, and Reporter-Researcher Val Castronovo found themselves torn between admiration for Thatcher's bravado and sympathy for the plight of Britons. Says Johnson: "Thatcher's gamble has produced one of the most gripping political stories in Europe in years."

John a. Meyer

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We hope you will join us. Together, we can make a start toward a fresh start.

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Letters

Homecoming

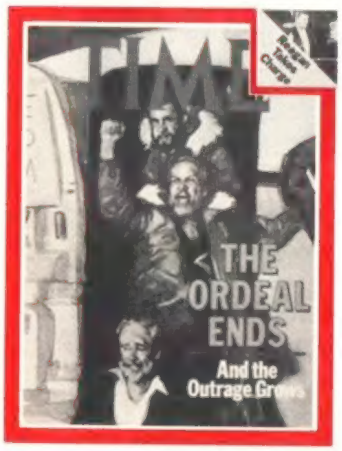
To the Editors:

For the past 14 months, Iran won all the battles. In the end, the U.S. won the war [Feb. 2]. God bless America!

Carl E. Nixon
Barberton, Ohio

The return of our hostages was stirring and emotional—and rightly so. However, I thought about the Viet Nam vets and how they must feel seeing this outpouring of love and comparing it with the "welcome" they received.

Edwina Z. Worsley
Fort Lauderdale, Fla.



As a Viet Nam War veteran, I wonder if most of the 50,000 lives that were lost in Viet Nam would have been spared if our citizens had cared then as they do now about their fellow Americans.

Bill Ryan
Warren, Ohio

The 52 former hostages are seen as national heroes. I consider them survivors. A hero is one who is admired for his achievements and qualities. Therefore, the true heroes are those servicemen who volunteered for the failed rescue mission.

Irene Coyne
West Chester, Pa.

I am as pleased as anyone that the hostages are free. But had we listened to the Iranian people's cries for freedom and justice instead of to the Shah, the mess would never have happened.

Our only consolation is that the present Iranian government's foreign policy is more stupid than our own.

Michael J. Greene
Wichita, Kans.

Honorable Agreement?

Our Government thought about whether to honor the agreement with Iran that led to the release of the hostages. What's to consider? Is any deal made with terrorist kidnapers honorable? Iran should get nothing. No money. No concessions. Nothing.

John Chase
Carrboro, N.C.

America must keep every promise it made in obtaining the release of the hostages. Duress or not, these obligations represent our country's honor. Shall we sink to Iranian depths and break this word?

Valerie M. Caldwell
Buffalo

Let us honor our commitments and pay what we owe. Let us take 444 days to do it.

George Davidson
Willingboro, N.J.

Quiet Man

It would show great wisdom on President Reagan's part if he kept the welcome mat out for Warren Christopher. The U.S. needs "quiet" types who can patiently handle the stress and frustration so often found in diplomacy.

Eddie L. Meaders
Abilene, Texas

The Ninth Casket

All reports that I've seen since the aborted rescue mission in April have said that eight servicemen died in the attempt. However, in your photograph of the arrival of the bodies at the Zurich airport [Jan. 26], nine caskets are lying on the tarmac. Did you use the wrong photo? Was there actually a ninth casualty?

Tom Simons
Lincoln, Neb.

The Iranians returned nine coffins to the U.S. However, the Defense Department said that the nine coffins held only eight bodies.

Campus Ghostwriters

Companies selling ghostwritten term papers [Jan. 26] thrive at colleges and universities where professors do not take enough interest in their students' research to check the sources. Teachers can require students to bring to a scheduled conference every book and article used in a term paper. If students know they must sit at the professor's elbow for a 15-minute random check of the accuracy and honesty of references, the paper mills will not have a ghost of a chance.

John A. Canuteson
Liberty, Mo.

"We the People . . ." (Contd.)

Arthur Schlesinger Jr. is nitpicking in his letter [Jan. 26] refuting the statement by President Reagan that "the Federal Government was created by the states." He conveniently omits that part of the Constitution that says, "The ratification . . . of nine States, shall be sufficient for the establishment of this Constitution between the States," and further, "Done in convention by the unanimous consent of the States present."

Richard C. Slama
Orangeville, Pa.

Quitting QWERTY

I was encouraged to see in your story about designing a new keyboard [Jan. 26] that at last there may be a typewriter that makes sense. I have always had a sneaking suspicion that the inventor of the QWERTY system had a good laugh at the prank he perpetrated on the world.

Andrew W. Hutmacher
Fruita, Colo.

Among the flaws of the QWERTY keyboard is overuse of the left hand, which is for most people less dexterous. This problem may be noted in the sentences below, typed entirely by the left hand, except for punctuation.

At base we saw batters stare daggers at a referee.

Castrated cats evade brave rats.

Paul Marshall
Chicago

August Dvorak may have died in 1975, but his amazing keyboard is far from dead. It is more popular now than ever. In my travels throughout the U.S. and Europe and in reports from Australia and Japan, the signs of a Dvorak movement are pointing to a realization that tired old QWERTY has competition.

Virginia de Ganahl Russell
President, Dvorak East
Brandon, Vt.

Tracking J.F.K.'s Body

Your discussion of David Lifton's "Two Casket" theory [Jan. 19] recalled some very vivid memories. In 1963 I was a pharmacologist at the Naval Medical Research Institute, a component of the National Naval Medical Center in Bethesda, Md. One of my collateral duties was to stand watch for the center. On Nov. 22, 1963, because of the unusual circumstances, I was recruited to serve with the duty officer.

In Lifton's book, the description of events relayed by a member of the Army honor guard does not coincide with my recollection. As I remember, we did not lose track of the ambulance containing the bronze casket after it arrived at the medical center. On that night there were a large number of spectators around, and our intention was to get the ambulance to the morgue before the crowd gathered. The honor guard, along with a Navy enlisted-man driver, the other duty officer and me, rode to the morgue on the guard truck at a high speed, believing that the ambulance was following. When we got there, the ambulance was not to be seen.

A LOT OF THE ABUSES CHILDREN ENDURE ARE EVEN WORSE THAN BROKEN BONES.

Horrible as it may seem, battered children are only a part of the child abuse problem. About one million children in America are abused every year. Some are emotionally abused —belittled, teased or in some way made to feel inferior. Others are sexually abused and still others suffer from neglect. Those who somehow manage to survive are scarred for life. The situation is desperate but not hopeless. Over 80% of the abusers can be helped. We know what to do but we can't do it alone.

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Letters

Since the Secret Service driver was unfamiliar with the grounds, we decided he was lost. Retracing our path, we found the ambulance still at the front of the hospital amid many onlookers. In our haste we had left without confirming that the ambulance was behind us. On the second try we did it right.

At no time was the ambulance out of sight of at least several hundred people, from its arrival at the center until the bronze coffin was unloaded at the morgue.

Sorell L. Schwartz
Potomac, Md.

Your story of a bizarre new Kennedy assassination conspiracy theory is, as you say, "all but impossible to accept as reality."

From the moment we wheeled the casket out of Parkland Hospital in Dallas and pushed it into the ambulance, I, who was Air Force aide to the President, never left the coffin except for a few minutes. I did so only to talk to the pilot of Air Force One, and this was at Mrs. Kennedy's request. She wanted to expedite our departure. During this time Mrs. Kennedy, along with Larry O'Brien and Dave Powers, remained at the side of the casket. To suggest that anyone could have taken the body of the President out of the coffin with Mrs. Kennedy and two of his closest and most loyal friends a few feet away is illogical. Aboard Air Force One it would have been impossible!

Further, the statement that the ambulance sent to Andrews Air Force Base by the Bethesda Naval Hospital was left unattended at the front entrance of the hospital is false. I remained with the ambulance at all times. After a short while, I entered the ambulance. It was then driven to the emergency entrance, and the casket was immediately wheeled into the operating room.

The President was placed on an operating stand, and several doctors worked on him from about 7 p.m. to 3 a.m. The body remained on the table at all times. I never left the room even for an instant. The part of your story stating that everyone was ordered out of the room is incorrect. No one ever told me to leave, or had the authority to do so. After the mortician finished his work, we placed the President's body in the new casket that had been sent to us.

Upon completion of the procedures, I called Dave Powers, who advised Robert Kennedy and Mrs. Kennedy that we were prepared to leave. The ambulance, carrying the casket, Mrs. Kennedy, the Attorney General and me, returned to the White House, where the coffin was placed in the East Room.

Godfrey T. McHugh
Brigadier General, U.S.A.F. (ret.)
Washington, D.C.

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ses·qui·cen·ten·ni·al

ses·qui·cen·ten·ni·al\-sen-'ten-ē-əl\n: a 150th anniversary or its celebration.

Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary. It's where the words live.

One of a dozen vehicles abandoned on an Ohio ice floe, a Chevrolet Suburban floats slowly out into Lake Erie

American Scene

In Ohio: Rescue from an Icy Island

When icicles hang by the wall and blood is nipped and ways be foul, when the Great Lakes freeze into ice packs the size of Rhode Island and shipping is stilled, then folks in the Midwest are moved to fish through the ice, a curious, seasonal madness for which there is no known cure except spring.

Soon after the first serious freeze of the winter, the afflicted head for the floes to sit beside holes cut in the ice, lines descending into the depths, where walleye, bass and muskie and perch glide around in the gelid dark, mostly oblivious to the bedlamites above them.

Some weekends, as many as 500 fishermen at a time take to the Lake Erie ice along Jerusalem Township, Ohio, and the shores of Lucas County echo to the noise of chain saws cutting fishing holes. That's how it is on Sunday. Fishermen arrive in force, some driving out onto the ice in pickup trucks to set up the shanties they use for protection, others pulling sledges loaded with equipment and six-packs of beer, still others zinging along in snowmobiles. Temperatures hover around the freezing mark, a moderate offshore wind is blowing out of the southeast. North toward Canada, the ice stretches as far as the eye can see, an unbroken white expanse that merges with the gray horizon of snow-laden clouds.

Early Arrivals Chuck Cornell and Don Van Dyke head out across the ice in Chuck's old Datsun pickup. They drive for about five miles, seeking a quiet spot where the fishing won't be interrupted by the noise and clatter of passing snowmobiles. As usual they have chains on their tires. As usual the pickup's doors are flung wide open—so they can bail out at the first sign of the ice breaking up. Last year Don slipped on the ice and fractured his skull, but it does not bother him. Soon they wrestle Chuck's shanty into place. They are counting on a good catch to replenish freezer stocks back home. They have wood for a fire, coffee and several pounds of deer sausage to eat. The day seems to be shaping up well.

Just after 10 a.m., with no warning, not even the groan of the floe's straining under the combined pressure of wind and current, the ice pack begins to separate from the shore and starts drifting out into the lake. The movement is almost imperceptible. A few fishermen notice that their lines are no longer hanging vertically, but most assume that is due to currents under the ice pack.

Minutes pass before the alarm is raised. By then the floe has become an immense island ten miles long and five miles wide. Already more than 100 yds. of dark water separate it from Ohio. The ice fishermen know it may soon begin to break up. Some make for the shoreward side, in hopes that small boats manned by local fire brigade volunteers will find them. When rescue boats finally do crunch up to the ice and begin taking people aboard a captain has to explain, "We came to rescue you, not your stuff." As they are ferried to shore, the anglers look back sorrowfully at the gallon buckets already full of fish. Not to mention a dozen or so cars and trucks, snowmobiles and scores of fishing shanties that must be abandoned too. Most fishermen try to remember the small print of their property insurance policies.

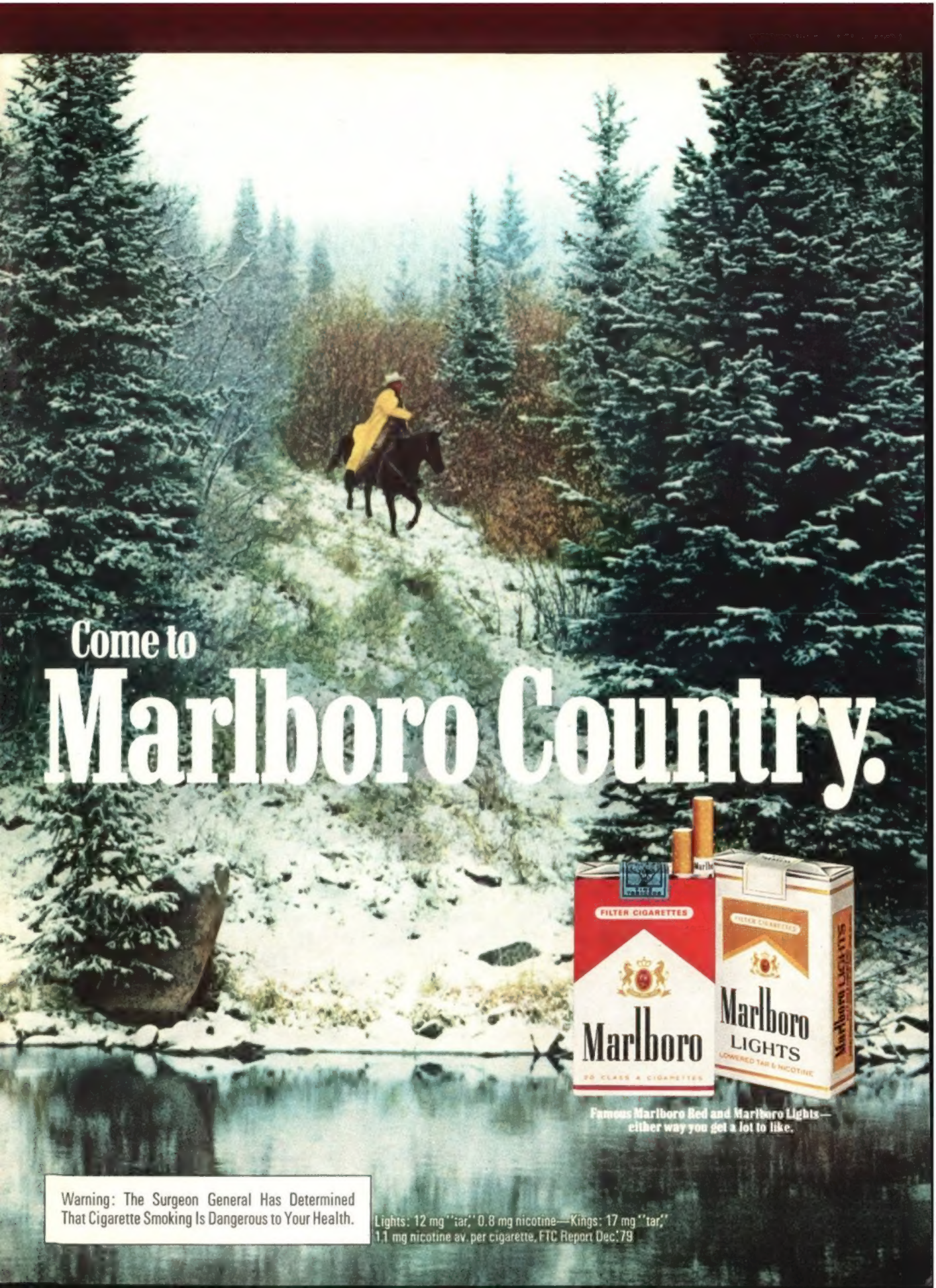
Near shore, the rescue proceeds smoothly. But more than 80 fishermen are still stranded farther out on the ice. Jerusalem Township Fire Chief Joe Verb and Rescue Captain Bill Miller have commandeered 20 boats. But Verb is hopping mad. Not only is the Coast Guard unable to provide helicopters (they are grounded in Michigan by fog), but it turns up with what the chief considers totally inadequate rescue support. "What the hell's one 14-ft. boat and five guys going to do in a five-mile area?" he storms. Verb also believes the ice break was caused by a Coast Guard cutter that carved a channel in the ice pack 15 miles offshore on its way to take samples at the Davis-Besse nuclear power station cooling-water outlet. Says he: "It don't take a smart individual to figure it out. If you go down and cut a 40-ft. path through the lake, and you get an offshore wind gusting 15 to 25 miles an hour, it's going to push that floe out."

Giving up hope of Coast Guard help, Verb remembers that St. Vincent Hospital, 15 miles away in Toledo, has a "life flight" Alouette III five-passenger helicopter. By now sleet is falling steadily on the marooned fishermen. Some are beginning to panic, thinking that night will fall before they can be lifted off. "The ice was broke up so bad we couldn't get back to the boats," Don Van Dyke recalls. They stay put, afraid that the thickening weather will keep them from being seen. The big red copter whirls down through the sleet, sending up a cloud of snow as it hovers, barely touching the ice, 30 ft. from the fishing shanty. Chuck and Don and three other fishermen scramble aboard. As the chattering helicopter carries him to safety in the closing darkness, Chuck takes a last look at his abandoned Datsun pickup and shanty.

Back on shore other fishermen are already congratulating themselves on their escape. Will they go back to fishing once the ice refreezes? Fishing maniacs aside, these are hard times in the Great Lakes states. A rescued fisherman says: "I need to fish to feed my family." This year has seen the revival of the Depression-era ice-fishing "township" called Smeltonia, near Boyne City, Mich. In Ohio, jobs are scarce, and after a year of recession and high unemployment, benefits are running out.

Next morning the wind changes. The temperature drops. The fractured ice pack begins to knit together again. If that freezing north wind keeps blowing the lake may harden up enough for Chuck to get out on the ice again and drive his Datsun pickup back to shore. Chief Verb thinks he "hasn't a hope in hell," though the cars and trucks are still on the floe. Other men have been less fortunate. Overnight nine snowmobiles have disappeared. A strange coincidence? Verb guesses that some enterprising crook managed to get to the ice pack during the night with a boat large enough to carry them off. Clearly that ill wind from the south has blown somebody some good.

—By Chris Redman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TIME/FEBRUARY 16, 1981

The 36¢ Buck Stops Here

So vows the President, warning, "We have to face the truth"

DIRCK HALSTEAD

Ex-actor and prop: "The worst economic mess since the Depression"

Ronald Reagan normally sleeps soundly, but he woke up worried at 4 a.m. last Wednesday. Neither of the two drafts that aides had prepared for the TV speech he was to deliver 41 hours later—his first from the White House—sounded quite right to him. So the President got up in the predawn darkness to scribble on a yellow legal pad, beginning a painstaking rewrite that continued later with the help of speechwriters and ended only five hours before he went on-camera in the Oval Office. Though Reagan rarely carries cash, he made a point of bringing a dollar bill into one session with his advisers, but forgot to take coins with him also and had to ask Aide David Fischer for some. The purpose was to try out a gesture that he later used on TV: holding up the greenback in one hand and tossing a quarter, a dime and a penny onto his desk with the other in order to dramatize the way inflation has shriveled the purchasing power of a dollar earned in 1960 to a mere 36¢ today.*

That, however, was the only touch of play-acting; otherwise the drama of the speech came from its subject and context. Both were important enough to justify fully the President's deep concern with sounding the right tone. His task was to begin rallying public support for a program designed to jolt the U.S. out of what he called "the worst economic mess since the Great Depression." Though details will not be spelled out until next week, enough is known already to make it obvious that the program marks a drastic change in national direction. It combines slashes in federal spending so deep and painful—perhaps $40 billion next fiscal year—and tax cuts viewed by many economists as so risky that all of the President's persuasive powers will be needed to induce the nation to accept them. Predicted Senate Majority Leader Howard Baker: "We're going to have the biggest legislative battle in this country since Franklin Delano Roosevelt, and certainly since World War II."

Reagan's speech was an impressive opening gun. Talking quietly but seriously for 18 minutes in layman's language, the President asserted that the nation has no choice but to break with its past profligacy. Said he: "We have to face the truth." Ticking off some familiar statistics —back-to-back years of double-digit inflation for the first time since World War I, 7 million unemployed, a national debt of $934 billion—he warned that "we are threatened with an economic calamity of tremendous proportions, and the old business-as-usual treatment can't save us." The fault, he said, lies in an explosive growth of Government spending, "punitive" taxes and excessive regulation that are sapping the economy's productive strength. The only solution, he said, is to slice both spending and taxes, deeply and together.

The language was a touch hyperbolic, the analysis heavily simplified, and a figure or two mildly debatable. For example, the President put the prospective deficit in fiscal 1981, which ends Sept. 30, at $80 billion, *vs.* the commonly cited estimate of less than $60 billion; he was including the activities of federal lending agencies that are not counted in the formal budget. But on the whole, Reagan made an effective, and graciously nonpartisan, statement of his views; he stressed over and over the explosive growth of spending and deficits in the past 20 years, implicitly blaming Republican as well as Democratic Administrations. Since 1960, he said, the federal budget has increased by 528%, which is almost 23 times as fast as the U.S. population. But Reagan struck a note of hope too, declaring in a confident manner that "all it takes is a little common sense and recognition of our own ability" to begin rebuilding a growing, noninflationary economy.

The speech was only one part of the biggest lobbying effort on a domestic issue to be launched from the White House in years. After Reagan spells out his program in what amounts to a State of the Union address on Feb. 18, the drive will begin to look like a revival of last fall's election campaign. Vice President George Bush and several Cabinet members are expected to go on tour plugging the program; Reagan himself may hit the road for a few days of speechmaking. His kitchen cabinet—close associates from California who have no official positions in the Administration—met last week in Washington with hundreds of community leaders from around the country to drum up support. Political Consultant Stuart Spencer, an election aide, has been rehired by the White House, to devise a nationwide newspaper and TV advertising campaign on behalf of budget and tax cuts. The object of all this effort will be to build pressure in favor of the proposals among the constituents of Senators and Representa-

*After the cameras stopped rolling, Reagan gave the 36¢ back to Fischer.

tives whose votes will be crucial to getting it passed. The message aimed at the home folks, according to a White House aide: "You've won the battle, now don't lose the war."

Meanwhile, the White House is consulting leaders of special-interest groups, urging them to suspend judgment on the program until they see the full details, rather than mobilize now to fend off budget cuts that might hurt them. Reagan met separately last week in the Cabinet Room with a dozen big-city mayors, the 18 members of the Congressional Black Caucus and 30 leaders of farm organizations. He told them that the Administration intends to spread the pain of spending reductions equitably across U.S. society. Though all were apprehensive, most left taking the wait-and-see attitude that the President urged. Even Democratic Representative Shirley Chisholm, a black liberal from New York, was willing to hold her fire. Said she: "There are lots of politicians that perhaps you don't believe from time to time. You have to give a person an opportunity to show whether his word is going to be his bond."

At the same time, the President is skillfully courting powerful members of Congress, inviting them to the White House for long private chats. Reagan stepped up his Hill wooing last week by paying a public 45-minute call on a bipartisan group of 13 House and Senate leaders. To underscore the symbolism, he met with them in the ornate President's Room of the Senate, where Chief Executives once signed bills; the last to do so was Lyndon Johnson in 1965. As in the private talks, Reagan appealed for support without disclosing any details of his program, but the legislators were so pleased that they applauded him when he entered and again when he left. House Speaker Thomas P. (Tip) O'Neill remarked afterward: "He's got charisma. He's got class. He's got political hype, make no mistake about it."

More than charisma and hype, however, will be needed to sell the program, if the Administration's final budget proposals are anywhere near as drastic as indicated by a 149-page black book circulated by the Office of Management and Budget among key congressional Republicans. The report, which Howard Baker dubbed "the book of cuts and wounds," lists about half the reductions in planned future spending that White House advisers are considering. At this stage, they are only recommendations to Reagan; which ones the President will eventually adopt is not yet known.

Nonetheless, the book is a startling document. The Administration's aim is to reduce nondefense spending by $14 billion to $15 billion in the few remaining months of fiscal 1981, by $40 billion to $50 billion in the next fiscal year, and by even more in the years that follow. To achieve those goals, the President is pondering cuts that would affect the elderly, the poor, students, workers, farmers, businessmen, artists—just about everybody.

Some of the proposals that David Stockman, Director of the Office of Management and Budget, has made to Reagan on the budgets for fiscal 1981 and 1982:

▸ Tighten eligibility requirements and trim benefits slightly to cut back spending on food stamps, which was previously budgeted at $12.9 billion for fiscal 1982, by $2.6 billion. Make subsidies less generous for meals that are served in day-care centers and schools to reduce the cost of child-nutrition programs by 25%, or $1 billion. Put a limit on Washington's contributions to the federal-state Medicaid program, which helps poor Americans pay for health care, to save $1 billion in fiscal 1982.

▸ End payments that enable states to extend unemployment compensation for periods longer than the standard 26 weeks, saving $1.1 billion in fiscal 1982. Forbid the CETA program, which offers public service jobs to the hard-core unemployed, from expanding this fiscal year, and eliminate it altogether in 1982, saving $3.7 billion that year.

▸ Cut business subsidies by as much as $6 billion next year by trimming federal grants designed to encourage development of synthetic fuels, such as oil burned out of shale rock. Also, reduce (by an as yet undisclosed amount) funds earmarked for the Export-Import Bank, which facilitates sales of U.S. products and services overseas.

▸ Reduce funding for the Farmers Home Administration, which extends credit to people in rural areas who have trouble borrowing elsewhere, by $2 billion in fiscal 1982. In addition, force the Rural Electrification Administration to borrow in the open market, rather than at much lower Government-guaranteed interest rates.

On and on goes the list of potential cuts: the black book suggests reductions in federal aid to the arts, in support for public TV, in mass transit, in postal subsidies and in the space program, even though both Reagan and Stockman are ardent space buffs. Not even the most popular federal programs are spared. In the case of Social Security, the Administration would leave basic retirement benefits untouched. But it is considering scrapping the $122 minimum monthly benefit to retirees who have paid very little into the system and payments to students whose parents have died, as well as reductions in disability payments. Potential savings in fiscal 1982: $2.3 billion.

In several cases, the black book suggests reductions that would be low at the start but grow dramatically in future years. Savings from imposing a limit on Medicaid spending, to take one striking example, are projected to multiply from $100 million this fiscal year to $1 billion next year and $5 billion in fiscal 1985. Speculative though such estimates are, the mere attempt to make them stands the normal budgeting process on its head. Traditionally, the Government starts programs for which spending is relatively small in the early years but snowballs drastically as time goes by. The Reagan Administration is trying to throw that process into reverse.

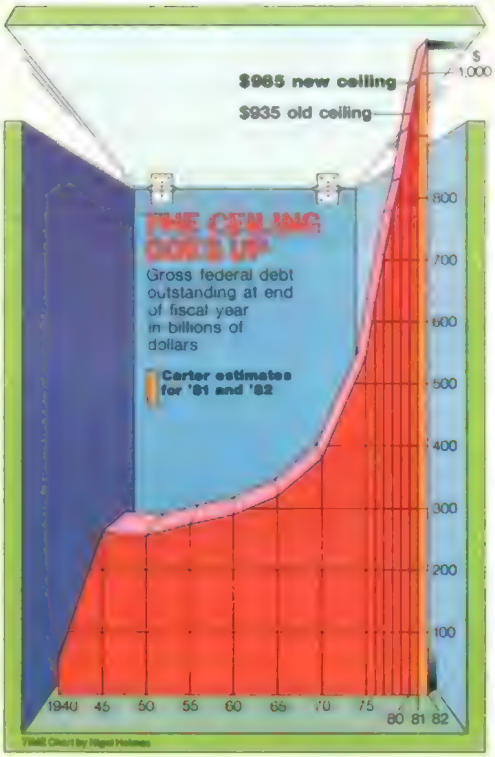
Ambitious though the Administration's plans are, there are limits to them. Reagan noted ruefully in his TV speech that all the cuts that he proposes will merely make federal spending lower than it otherwise would be, not lower than it is now; total spending will continue to grow because of inflation, however much the White House and Congress may hack and trim. More-

over, there is one gigantic exception to the Administration's cut-and-slash plans: military spending. Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger is likely to propose, and Reagan may well recommend, a fiscal 1982 defense budget of $220 billion, almost $24 billion above the figure Jimmy Carter had suggested and $55 billion more than the Pentagon's current budget. That would gobble up more than half the cuts that Reagan is expected to propose in civilian expenditures, even in the unlikely event that Congress enacts every last one of his recommendations.

All of which casts doubt over the other fundamental part of Reagan's economic program: sharp cuts in personal and business taxes. In the President's view, taxes are holding back business growth and feeding inflation quite as much as the explosive growth of federal spending. In his TV speech, he reiterated his familiar pledge to recommend a 10% slash in income tax rates in each of the next three years, plus more generous depreciation allowances for business, and insisted that the reductions must not be held up to await the outcome of the congressional budget debate.

In past years, said the President, "there were always those who told us that taxes couldn't be cut until spending was reduced. Well, you know we can lecture our children about extravagance until we run out of voice and breath. Or we can cure their extravagance simply by reducing their allowance." In other words, tax cuts are necessary not only to prompt savings and investment, but also to force Congress to crack down on spending. Nonetheless, there are deep fears in Congress that reducing taxes as drastically as Reagan wants would bloat an already inflationary deficit. House Budget Committee Chairman James Jones of Oklahoma predicts that Congress will cut income tax rates by 10% for only one year, not three in a row.

Slashing spending may be even harder. Some cynics suggest that Stockman is recommending the most shocking range of reductions imaginable so that Reagan can raise sighs of relief by eventually adopting a somewhat milder program. But Congressmen know that Reagan's landslide victory pointed to an anti-spending mood among Americans that the President is appealing to. So there is likely to be something in the eventual program to anger almost every lobby in the country, and they will be heard from. Said Republican Senator William Cohen of Maine: "The President had better move fast before his pedestal crumbles. He's got a tide of good will now, but that is going to fade fast. Every group in my state is beginning to call in."



The difficulties of changing established congressional budget-voting patterns—and the irresistible temptation that many legislators feel to act like demagogues on even the most necessary economic proposals—were underlined for Reagan last week by a silly fight over the national debt. The President asked for a $50 billion increase in the ceiling on that debt, to $985 billion. Like his predecessors, who have had to ask Congress to raise the debt ceiling 21 times since late 1973, he had no choice. If the Government's authority to borrow were not increased, it would run out of money to pay its bills and be unable to function after mid-February.

The trouble was that Republicans for years in the Democratic-controlled Congresses have voted solidly against increases in the debt ceiling, even some proposed by Presidents Nixon and Ford. Then they would portray Democrats who voted to raise the ceiling as champions of wild spending. This time the Democrats were determined to make their G.O.P. colleagues squirm. The Democrats proclaimed that they would not vote for Reagan's request unless a majority of Republicans did too.

Reagan sent a letter to every member of Congress pleading for a yes vote, and House G.O.P. Whip Robert Michel of Illinois twisted Republican arms mercilessly. Eventually, Republicans did support their President by 150 to 36, and the full House passed the debt-ceiling increase by a vote of 305 to 104. In the G.O.P.-controlled Senate, however, Democrats played the same kind of charade that the Republicans had so long used on them. The Democrats pushed a motion to raise the debt ceiling by only $28 billion, rather than Reagan's requested $50 billion, on the specious ground that the President's drive to cut spending ought to make the bigger increase unnecessary. The motion was defeated by 51 Republicans and Democrat Russell Long of Lou-

Heeere's Ronnie!

Attending a dinner at Washington's National Press Club, Ronald Reagan loosed a string of his patented one-liners. "I know your organization was founded by six Washington newspaperwomen in 1919 . . . Seems only yesterday." The President then quoted Jefferson. "He said that one should not worry about one's exact chronological age in reference to his ability to perform one's task," observed Reagan. "And ever since he told me that . . ." The California difference? "In Washington the flakes are real. And if enough of them fall from heaven, it stops traffic for hours." The President, who turned 70 last week, defined his condition: "Middle age is when you're faced with two temptations and you choose the one that gets you home by 9 o'clock."

Reagan's Cutting Edge

At 7:30 on a Sunday night, David Stockman sits alone at a conference table in the cavernous, ornate sanctum of the director of the Office of Management and Budget, poring with total concentration over computer printouts and tables of figures. When a visitor arrives to keep a dinner date, Stockman appears disappointed. "Is it that time already? I need five more minutes." Before the words are out, his gaze has returned to the papers.

Finally, the OMB director struggles into his jacket and overcoat and starts down the corridor. "We've got just two more weeks," he says over his shoulder. The deadline he is referring to is Feb. 18, when Ronald Reagan plans to announce the details of his fiscal program, including radical surgery on the federal budget.

Stockman, a bachelor, pursues his 14-hour-a-day schedule, which includes lobbying Congressmen and haggling with Cabinet officers, with a special sense of urgency. If the Administration cannot quickly build support for its unorthodox economic ideas, then Ronald Reagan may fail his central domestic test. Stockman, with his knack for hyperbole, has warned of "incalculable erosion of G.O.P. momentum, unity and public confidence," if the Reagan program is not well on its way to enactment by midyear. There is personal urgency as well. Circumstances and Stockman's own aggressive zeal have made him the most visible and influential of the President's economic policymakers. Though Stockman has won praise from many members of Congress, controversy is beginning to build.

Pausing between his antipasto and a large plate of fettucini for one of the five cigarettes he smokes during dinner, he reflects on his image. He is a young man of 34 preaching hellacious economic sermons to other Cabinet members and congressional committee chairmen old enough to be his father. Neither his prematurely gray hair nor his earnest manner adds any years to his appearance. "If this thing doesn't work," he concludes, "I know I'll get the blame." Then he shrugs. "So I'll go to something else."

Thus far, Stockman has never lacked for job opportunities. Raised on a farm near St. Joseph, Mich., he learned local politics from his maternal grandfather, a county official and Goldwater Republican. At Michigan State University in the mid-'60s, he came under the influence of the antiwar movement and a left-wing instructor. "I became a soft-core radical," he recalls. But he remained a faithful Methodist, channeling his antiwar advocacy through church efforts.

His interest in religion brought him to Harvard Divinity School at a time when Cambridge was in a state of ferment. Stockman became estranged from what he calls the "nihilistic radicalism" of the period. He found refuge as a live-in babysitter for Daniel P. Moynihan, then a Cambridge-Washington commuter while serving as an adviser to Richard Nixon. At home on weekends, Moynihan, now a U.S. Senator from New York, treated graduate students to brandy-spiced evenings of political conversation. "I became Moynihanized," Stockman says. "I was looking for an alternative viewpoint that was respectable, while being anti-left."

Politics replaced theology as his obsession, and in 1970, Stockman abandoned his pursuit of a doctorate to join Congressman John Anderson's office in Washington. He soon became a senior adviser on fiscal affairs, learning his economics chiefly from literature of the American Enterprise Institute, a conservative think tank in Washington, and the works of right-wing economists. In 1976 he went home to Michigan to win his own seat in Congress.

Then, last year, came a novel opportunity: he was asked to impersonate Anderson as Reagan prepared for their debate in September. The assertive young Congressman was an excellent sparring partner. Among other things, he accused Reagan of wanting to "throw open the door of Alaska to allow the rape of our last frontier" and of being unconcerned about acid rain. Against such thrusts, Reagan practiced calm parries. He responded to Stockman by saying, "Well, you know, John, I think you need a gas mask."

Stockman was campaigning in his south Michigan district the following month when he received an urgent call for a re-match. Now he was to impersonate Carter as Reagan rehearsed for the campaign's pivotal debate. Said Reagan, after that encounter: "I lost every practice debate with Stockman. After him, Anderson and Carter were a piece of cake." At Thanksgiving, the President-elect phoned to tell Stockman: "David, I've been looking for a way to get even. I think I'll send you to OMB."

Budget Director David Stockman in his Washington office

Of all the Administration's senior officials, Stockman is clearly the boldest and the most ideological. He often uses sweeping, strident language, as when he called the federal budget an "automatic coast-to-coast soup line." He revels in taking unpopular positions and shows disdain for most economists: "They've been dead wrong, persistently." While he wants the Government to reduce most social welfare programs drastically, he would make even deeper cuts in subsidies for business interests and agriculture. Though Republicans generally blame most of the economy's present difficulties on Democratic folly, Stockman believes that one of the most damaging moves of the past decade was Nixon's decision in 1971 to end gold convertibility. Says Stockman: "That created the conditions for rampant production of paper money all around the world."

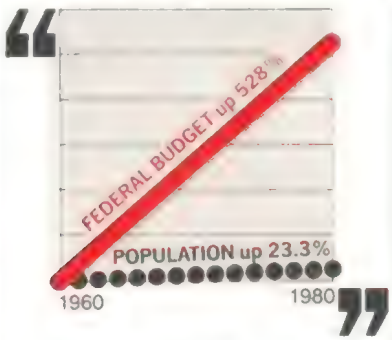
Reagan has admonished his Cabinet to avoid timidity, but a few members are wondering if Stockman takes that order too far in acting as the cutting edge of Reagan's economic policies. Says one White House official: "We're hearing gripes from some of the department heads." Reagan's confidence in Stockman is high enough to create a little jealousy on the part of new department heads who know less about their programs and budgets than the youngster who has been studying the budget ever since he joined Anderson's staff. When Reagan watches Stockman perform at private meetings, says one participant, "the President gets that pleased smile that says 'This guy's really got it.' "

Washington is wondering how long Stockman can keep "it." Reagan's trust in his lightning rod could weaken if it is struck too often. In the budget battles that lie ahead, what could damage Stockman most is his determination to be more of a Reaganite than Ronald Reagan.

isiana, voting against 41 other Democrats. Even then, the Senate indulged in six hours of partisan wrangling and taunts before finally passing Reagan's request by 73 to 18.

The President is also encountering his first troubles with the Washington bureaucracy. In his initial hours in office, he ordered a hiring freeze that in effect blocked anyone who accepted a Government job after Nov. 5—the day after the election—from going on the payroll, unless he or she had actually reported to work by Inauguration Day. Washington resounded with tales of people who had quit other jobs, sold their homes and moved their families to the capital only to be denied promised Government employment. Reagan pledged to grant exemptions for true hardship cases, but that did not stop the National Treasury Employees Union, representing 120,000 federal workers, from asking the U.S. District Court to overturn the retroactive features of the hiring freeze.

What Reagan said about growth in Government spending and population



So the howls begin in what undoubtedly will swell to a coast-to-coast chorus of complaints against the President's bold program. It is open to legitimate analysis, doubt and objection. Reagan will have to prove that whatever spending cuts he finally proposes will not hurt the "truly needy," a pledge that he repeated over and over last week. His tax-reduction proposal does indeed run a risk of swelling the deficit.

But the President's plans at least mark a sharp break with past spend-and-tax policies that, as he says so correctly, have failed spectacularly. And the need for vigorous, unconventional action can scarcely be denied. If the U.S. economy is not quite on the brink of "calamity," it is at least riddled by inflation and battered by recurrent recessions that together are reducing national standards of living. The burden of proof is on those critics who assail the President's program to show that they have a convincing alternative. *—By George Church. Reported by Laurence I. Barrett and Neil MacNeil/Washington*

The Presidency/Hugh Sidey

A Mingling of Old and New

They have tugged the couches around in the Oval Office, forming a fireside rectangle for informal talking. A few of Ronald Reagan's gadgets are in place on the desk that John Kennedy retrieved from the White House basement. But a Remington bronze of a cowboy and the paintings on the curved walls are from the defunct presidency of Jimmy Carter. The huge grandfather clock installed by President Ford still thumps out its relentless rhythm. Beyond the tall windows, the sun slants across the South Lawn, where Thomas Jefferson had mounds graded to add visual interest. Fresh-cut flowers burst from a vase on the coffee table and a mug of jelly beans sits near a lamp.

Old and new mingle in this poignant time of an Administration's beginning. Soon the office will be totally claimed by Reagan's tastes and moods; yet there will always be the reminders of others gone before. Reagan, awed by his heritage, seems a little reluctant to change things completely.

On this afternoon, the new man is in blue suit, blue socks, blue tie and bright smile. Is he too nice? The thought crosses one's mind in trying to reconcile the quiet warmth of the Oval Office and the harsh world outside. A clutch of handlers infiltrates the room, looking as if they are there to rescue him from unseen enemies or from himself. Their services are not needed.

Reagan settles on the couch, and reality hits like a sledgehammer. There is "Dutch" Reagan, the Saturday voice out of the cornfields, bringing the Big Ten football games. There is Drake McHugh of *Kings Row*, right off the screen of the Grand Theater, and Lieut. George Custer from *Santa Fe Trail* and the Gipper from *Knute Rockne, All American* and a hundred other boyhood flashbacks. There too is the President of the U.S., still the most powerful single authority in the world.

Red roses and family photos in the Oval Office

Reagan talks easily, but he avoids details. His directions are fixed, but the mechanics are for others to figure out and explain. In a way, he is playing President; he seems the actor, but this time he knows he is on the largest, most sound-sensitive stage of all. What might he do, Reagan is asked, if Congress does not give him the spending cuts he wants? The President instantly gets wily. He shouldn't answer that question with Congress listening, he says. And he doesn't.

Reagan uses his frown and his smile at the same time. He is at once affable and concerned, hopeful and worried. He leans forward on his elbows, cuts the air with long fingers. No coffee, no cigarettes, no low-calorie root beer help him through the meeting. He is such a collection of contradictions. He is Hollywood and the new politics; but there he is, talking about the economics that was taught around the turn of the century: business slumps were what happened when Government began taking too much of the people's money in taxes.

Between the lines there may be evidence of a little surprise. Is he upset about the bureaucracy's fighting his budget plans by leaking information to the press? There is just a hint that he is. He talks about the Soviets "snarling back" at him because he called them criminals, cheats and liars. He has learned Rule 1: Every presidential thrust produces a counterthrust.

He knows about the "bully pulpit" because he says that he thinks more and more about communicating, uniting the American people from his new platform. He is back onstage. Actor and man are merged, the seams between them undetectable on this day. Maybe it will work, but there is no certainty. For the moment, however, dignity is palpable. Thoughts and ideals rise above the distant and unheard din. They are from Dixon, Ill., from the screen and from politics and endless campaigning and, finally, now from the White House.

Reagan is on his feet then and chatting about the pleasure of going to Camp David and being able just to walk out of a door into the open. Oops, he forgot to pass the jelly beans. The President of the U.S. picks up the jelly bean mug and holds it out in front of him for his guests to dip into. He seems vaguely aware that this vignette is new to presidential history. He also does not seem to care. That is the way he is.

GLEE CLUB SMIRNOFF STYLE.

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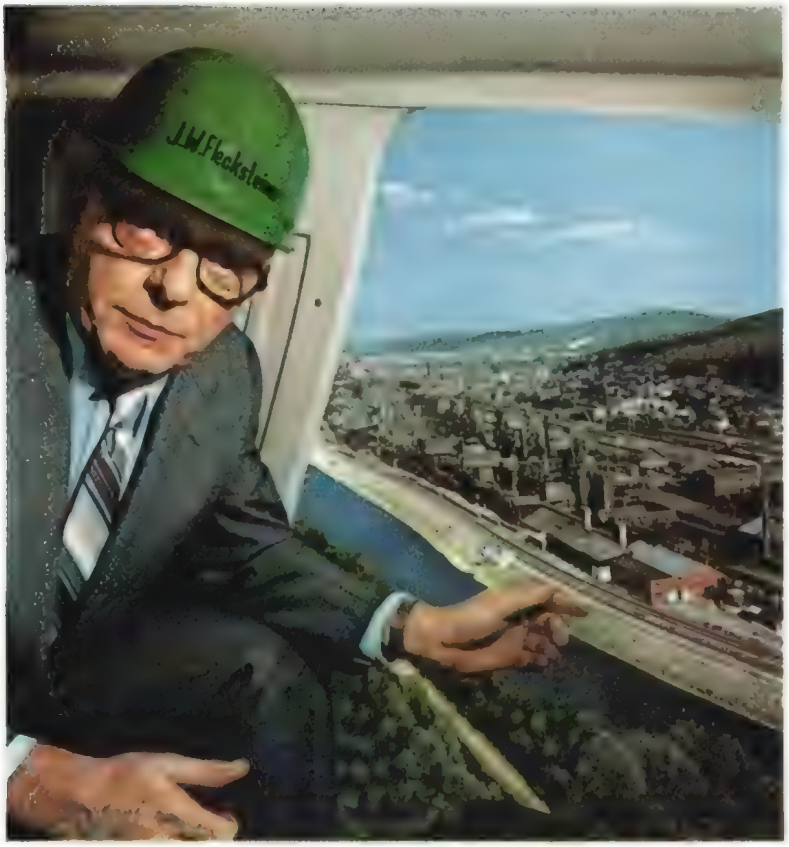

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The Reagans and Chuns greeting well-wishers from the Truman balcony at the White House

More Signals to the World

Some clear, some mixed, but all intended to break with the past

It was a cold, rainy day, but the smile on President Reagan's face was warm and friendly as he and Wife Nancy stood on the South Portico of the White House. A limousine drew up to deliver their first visiting head of state: Chun Doo Hwan, the balding former paratrooper who is now strongman of South Korea.

That Chun, who seized power in a coup last year, was Reagan's first ruling foreign visitor was no accident. The President wanted to show that violations of human rights, such as Chun's imprisonment of his former political rival, Kim Dae Jung, will no longer have a decisive impact on relations between the U.S. and an ally that stands as a bulwark against Communist expansion. Explained a senior State Department official: "It is not the purpose of this Administration to look into the internal affairs of Korea."

At an hourlong meeting with Reagan in the Oval Office, Chun got some highly welcome news. Reagan told him that the U.S. will not pull any of its 39,000 troops out of South Korea. Reagan also assured Chun that the Administration will fulfill Carter's promise to sell Seoul 36 advanced F-16 jet fighters, and that U.S. military assistance to Korea will not be cut from this year's level of $160 million. At lunch Chun raised his glass to toast his host for bringing a "great renewal" to the U.S.

Chun's visit was only the first of the messages that the Administration sent to the world last week. In another unambiguous signal, Secretary of State Alexander Haig removed Robert White, a career diplomat, as U.S. Ambassador to El Salvador. White had urged El Salvador's ruling junta to consolidate its power through land redistribution and other reforms. When the Reagan transition team criticized him for acting "in the capacity of a social reformer," he complained to reporters that his effectiveness as ambassador had been undermined.

By replacing White with Frederic Chapin, another experienced career diplomat, Haig indicated that the U.S. probably will send more military aid to the junta. At the same time, he served notice on all U.S. diplomats not to voice their opinions publicly unless they are in line with those of Reagan and Haig. Said a State Department official of the White-Haig relationship: "It was a clear case of mutual incompatibility."

The Administration's fuzziest signals involved its continuing internal debate over foreign aid. David Stockman, Director of the Office of Management and Budget, has recommended that instead of increasing foreign aid to $8 billion, as proposed by Carter for the 1982 fiscal year, Reagan should slash it to $5.4 billion, about the same as it was in 1979. This strikes many experts as wholly out of step with the Administration's determination to make the U.S. a more forceful world power. In the conduct of foreign policy, economic aid can promote peace or security, as in the volatile Middle East, or help thwart Communist subversion in poor countries by improving living conditions.

As Haig said at a press conference two weeks ago: "Both foreign assistance and foreign security assistance is sometimes a very cost-effective vehicle for ensuring that the ideals and interests of this country are carried out effectively abroad." Translation: money is muscle.

On Soviet Morality

Ronald Reagan said of Soviet leaders two weeks ago: "The only morality they recognize is what will further their cause, meaning they reserve unto themselves the right to commit any crime, to lie, to cheat." The Soviet leadership has been characterized in strong terms before, but was Reagan's statement too sweeping? Reagan did not think so. Said he last week: "They don't subscribe to our sense of morality; they don't believe in an afterlife; they don't believe in a God or a religion. And the only morality they recognize, therefore, is what will advance the cause of socialism." Harsh as Reagan's words may seem, they rather accurately reflect Soviet leaders' statements over the years. Examples:

▸ Lenin in 1920: "We repudiate all morality that proceeds from supernatural ideas or ideas that are outside class conceptions. Morality is entirely subordinate to the interests of class war. Everything is moral that is necessary for the annihilation of the old exploiting social order and for uniting the proletariat."

▸ "When are you going to stop killing people?" Lady Astor bluntly asked Joseph Stalin in 1931, when he was liquidating the kulaks (wealthy farmers) in his drive to collectivize the land. His reply: "When it is no longer necessary."

▸ Khrushchev in 1955: "We wish to live in peace, tranquillity. But if anyone believes that our smiles involve abandonment of the teaching of Marx, Engels and Lenin, he deceives himself poorly. Those who wait for that must wait until a shrimp learns to whistle."

▸ Brezhnev in 1968: "Our party has always warned that in the ideological field, there can be no peaceful coexistence, just as there can be no class peace between the proletariat and the bourgeoisie."

The U.S., however, expends surprisingly little of it. At current levels (somewhat more than $6 billion budgeted for 1981), the U.S. ranks about 15th—slightly above Italy—among industrialized nations in the percentage of gross national product it devotes to foreign aid (less than .2%).

Senior diplomats from all the European Community embassies in Washington acted with astonishing speed to protest the proposed cuts in a joint plea to Haig. One of them warned: "If you don't have foreign aid, you don't have a workable foreign policy." The Secretary hardly needed the advice: he was already at work stopping any real gutting of his foreign aid budget. Reagan's aides predicted that, in the end, the President will approve about $6.5 billion for 1982. Congress might cut another $1 billion, leaving the total foreign aid funding at about its current level, which is roughly the same as it was in 1979. Allowing for inflation, that would mean a $600 million cut in real dollars, a lamentable situation for the nation that leads the free world.

In his informal chat with reporters at the White House, Reagan sent out other puzzling signals. He surprised the State Department's Middle East specialists by contending that Israel's settlements on the West Bank were not illegal, contrary to the past U.S. position. He did say, however, that they were "ill-advised" and were "maybe, at this time, unnecessarily provocative." That seemed to be Reagan's first public hint of any disagreement with the Israeli government.

Reagan also suggested that the U.S., after consultation with its European allies, might want to establish "a ground presence" of troops in the Middle East. He quickly added that he did not mean enough troops to stop a Soviet invasion: "We know that we couldn't do that." But he added: "You don't just plant a flag in the ground and walk away and leave it. There would be Americans there." This would show the Soviet Union, he said, that "this is of interest to our national security and they're going to have to take that into their computations."

Weinberger at his press conference

His well-hedged answers spread alarm.

At his first press conference as Defense Secretary, Caspar Weinberger stumbled onto the same topic. He was asked a hypothetical question about whether the U.S. would be willing to station troops in Israel. He replied that the Israelis would have to ask for them, and that he would be "surprised if they did." But if Israel did make the request, "we would certainly examine [it] with a very sympathetic viewpoint." In Jerusalem, Foreign Ministry Spokesman Naphtali Lavie reminded reporters that "we never expected foreign troops, American or others, to come here to fight for Israel."

While Weinberger's well-hedged statement stirred considerable concern among those Americans who oppose the stationing of U.S. troops anywhere in the Middle East, his more substantive revelation was that the Administration is inclined to grant Saudi Arabia's request for fuel tanks and bomb racks for the 60 F-15 fighters that it purchased during the Carter Administration. This would give the jets a longer range and greater offensive capability, which upsets the Israelis.

Weinberger also alarmed diplomats in Europe by saying it was "very probable" that the Administration would seek to deploy the so-called neutron bomb with NATO forces. Haig promptly cabled U.S. diplomats abroad, calling attention to Weinberger's further statement that no U.S. decision had been made and that none would be made without full consultation with U.S. allies in Europe.

Finally, Reagan sent some blunt signals to Moscow. He repeated his harsh characterization of Soviet leaders, but also said he would be willing to negotiate a new treaty on limiting strategic arms "any time that they want to sit down and discuss a legitimate reduction of nuclear weapons." Reagan said later that he does not think his tough statements have harmed U.S.-Soviet relations.

He also disclosed that he has no immediate plans to end Carter's embargo on U.S. grain shipments to the Soviet Union, despite his campaign criticism of it. Reagan did not explain his decision, but Haig has argued that grain sales to the Soviets should not be resumed unless Moscow gives the U.S. something in return. Moreover, lifting the embargo would clearly dilute the tough signals that Reagan has been sending the Kremlin.

Thus, for reasons of geopolitics, the farmers who voted for Reagan partly because they had lost money from the grain embargo will have to wait for relief. The realities of wielding power seem to be catching up quite early with Ronald Reagan. ***—By Ed Magnuson. Reported by Roberto Suro and Gregory H. Wierzynski/ Washington***

Clark facing criticism from Senators

Next Question

A clean slate for State

He dropped out of Stanford University with poor grades. He flunked out of Loyola University Law School. He did pass the California bar exam—on his second try. Then he became Governor Ronald Reagan's chief of staff in 1967 and did so well that his boss appointed him to the California Supreme Court. Now Reagan has named William P. Clark Jr., 49, Deputy Secretary of State, even though the appointee admits that his only first-hand experience for the job "was 72 hours in Santiago" in 1967.

Testifying before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee last week, Clark was asked if he could name the Prime Minister of South Africa. Said he: "No sir, I cannot." Who is the Prime Minister of Zimbabwe? Said Clark: "It would be a guess." Questioned about U.S.-Taiwan relations, Israeli settlements on the West Bank and U.S. policy on nuclear nonproliferation, Clark kept answering: "I do not have a personal view."

Clark held that he would only be an administrator, carrying out the policy set by Reagan and Secretary of State Alexander Haig Jr. That did not reassure the Senators, who nonetheless recommended his confirmation by 10 to 4. Said Democrat John Glenn of Ohio: "This will be on-the-job training of the highest order."

The foreign reaction was more acerbic. The Amsterdam daily *Volkskrant* called Clark a nitwit. The Johannesburg *Citizen* labeled him the "Don't Know Man." Editorialized the London *Daily Mirror*: "America's allies in Europe—Europe, Mr. Clark, you must have heard of it—will hope he is never in charge at a time of crisis." Yet the *Daily Mirror* joked that Britain once had a Foreign Secretary who was "alleged to believe that Sodom and Gomorrah were sisters." ■

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The former P.O.W. on trial at Camp Lejeune

Garwood Guilty

"A white Vietnamese"

Robert Garwood dropped out of high school in Indianapolis at the age of 17, joined the Marines and went to Viet Nam as a driver. In 1965, just eleven days before he was due to be reassigned, Private First Class Robert Garwood disappeared near Danang. For almost 14 years he remained in Viet Nam—a prisoner, he claimed. He escaped after slipping a note to a Finnish economist in a Hanoi bar, and in March 1979 Garwood returned to the U.S. Home free, he thought. Other P.O.W.s, however, soon accused Garwood of being a deserter and a traitor, and he was charged with collaborating with the enemy.

Nearly 13 weeks after his trial began, Garwood, now 34, was found guilty last week by a jury of five Viet Nam veterans at Camp Lejeune, N.C. He was convicted of collaboration and of assaulting an American prisoner. Gustav Mehrer, one of the nine former P.O.W.s called by the prosecution, testified that Garwood kept a stack of propaganda leaflets, wore an enemy uniform and held a rifle. Said Mehrer: "His actions were Vietnamese. He would hum and giggle like them. He would squat. He was a white Vietnamese to me."

Defense Attorney John Lowe claimed that Garwood was driven insane by Vietnamese torture and eventually came to identify with his captors. Countered the chief prosecutor, Major Werner Hellmer: "We are not dealing here with insanity, but with a smokescreen."

Garwood faces a maximum sentence of life in prison and forfeiture of $147,000 in back pay, but plans to appeal. He once told a reporter that he was prepared for the worst: "An American prison is better than a Vietnamese prison." ■

Connecticut's Favorite Daughter

Ella T. Grasso, 1919-1981

She was a tough, deal-cutting, backslapping politician, and at the same time a warm, disarmingly rumpled matron. During her 28 years in public life, Connecticut's Ella Grasso never lost an election. In an era when feminism was just beginning to dawn in the male preserve of politics, she became the first U.S. woman Governor ever elected in her own right (a few others followed their husbands). Admirers talked about Grasso as a future Vice President or Cabinet member, but she preferred Hartford to Washington. She kept a sign in her living room: BLOOM WHERE YOU ARE PLANTED.

Just about everyone expected Grasso to finish her second term—and perhaps a third or fourth—but last April doctors discovered she had ovarian cancer. By December the disease had spread to her liver. Grasso valiantly ran the state government from her hospital room for weeks, finally resigning on New Year's Eve. After slipping in and out of a coma several times, she died last week at the age of 61.

Lieutenant Governor William O'Neill, 50, was sworn in as Grasso's successor. A former state legislator and house majority leader, O'Neill will finish the two years left in her term. He is expected to continue Grasso policies, including a commitment to avoid levying a state income tax. He is known more for skills at behind-the-scenes compromise than for the high-profile leadership of his predecessor. Ella Grasso, Connecticut's favorite daughter, will be a hard act to follow.

Born in the mill town of Windsor Locks just outside Hartford, Ella Tambussi was the only child of Italian immigrants. She won a scholarship to the elite Chaffee School, and her father worked 14-hour shifts in a bakery to pay for her books. Another scholarship took her to Massachusetts' Mount Holyoke College, where she graduated Phi Beta Kappa in 1940. After earning a master's degree in economics and sociology, she became a protégée of John Bailey, longtime boss of the Connecticut Democratic organization.

She married a schoolteacher, Thomas Grasso, had two children and, in 1952, won a seat in the state legislature, where she served two terms. Elected Connecticut's secretary of state in 1958, she turned her office into a "people's lobby" where voters could come with problems. Along the way she became active in the Democratic National Committee, especially after Bailey became chairman in 1961, and was instrumental in pushing through a minority report at the 1968 Chicago convention opposing U.S. involvement in Viet Nam. Two years later she ran successfully for Congress and was re-elected in 1972.

During Grasso's years in Congress, some feminists criticized her ambivalence on such issues as day care and abortion. Indeed, Grasso was always a reluctant feminist. Yet so solid was her reputation as a politician that when she ran for Governor in 1974, sex was not an issue, aside from a few snide remarks about a "Governess." The state was ready, in Grasso's words, for "somebody with determination who wants to work and does not want to put up with all the trappings of office." She won in a landslide.

When Grasso discovered that retiring Governor Thomas Meskill had left behind a $70 million deficit, she took a number of unpopular measures: proposing to increase state work hours from 35 to 40 hours a week, laying off 500 state workers, raising the state sales tax. She was no easier on herself, refusing a $7,000 salary increase, selling the state airplane and limousines and turning any fees for speaking engagements over to the state. Two years into her term, Connecticut showed a $34 million surplus.

Grasso's spending cutbacks alienated many supporters. In 1978, with her popularity at an alltime low, the state was virtually paralyzed by a blizzard. Grasso promptly set up a command post in the state armory and directed around-the-clock emergency operations. When she flew by helicopter to a remote part of the state, there below her, tramped out in large letters in the snow, was a message: ELLA HELP. As the economy picked up in the spring, so did Grasso's popularity. On Election Day 1978, she won more than 75% of the state's 169 towns. Her legacy, however, is not just accessible government and a balanced budget. As her husband once said, "Ella is a pioneer. If she succeeds, she makes it easier for thousands of women in future generations." Succeed she did. ■

The candidate on election eve, 1974

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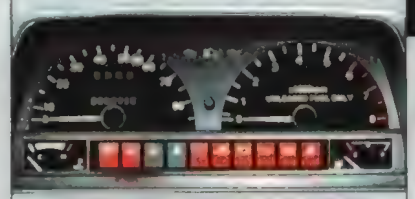

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What Is to Happen to Me Tonight?

The Iranians subject a TIME *reporter to a mock execution*

The parades are over, the banners and yellow ribbons have been taken down, and America's freed hostages are settling in. Yet the aftermath of their ordeal continues to capture headlines. An American imprisoned in Iran for eight months, Freelance Journalist Cynthia Dwyer, was tried as a spy last week; she was reportedly found guilty early this week, sentenced to time already served and ordered deported. Marine Sergeant Gregory Persinger filed a lawsuit against the Iranian government seeking at least $140,000 in damages suffered because of his captivity. And new details about how the Iranian revolutionary government conducts its business continue to come to light.

One such story, the plight of TIME Reporter Raji Samghabadi, has until now remained secret. A native of Iran who taught himself English by reading Webster's Collegiate Dictionary and T.E. Lawrence's *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*, Samghabadi was managing editor of an English-language daily in Tehran. In March 1979, he joined TIME's Tehran bureau and stayed on after the magazine's correspondents were expelled at the end of that year. Because of concerns for his safety, his name has been kept out of the magazine for nearly a year. Those fears turned out to be well grounded. Samghabadi was arrested and terrorized in an effort to use him to frame Sadegh Ghotbzadeh, former Foreign Minister and a close associate of the Ayatullah Khomeini, as an agent of the CIA. He refused and was subjected to a mock execution. Now safe in the U.S., Samghabadi tells of his arrest—and flight:

" 'Take aim! Fire!' The guns roared. I awaited the impact, searched for the pain"

Illustration for TIME by Burt Silverman

Last Nov. 4, as the polling booths were opening in the U.S. and the sun was setting in Tehran, I had just finished reporting a story on terms set by the Majlis for the release of the American hostages. To relax, I went down to the basement of the Time-Life office in Tehran to play Ping-Pong with friends.

In the middle of the game, an Islamic Guard burst in shouting "Freeze!" He ordered us to stop our game. I first thought that this was just another harassment raid, a routine feature of my work. But a cold Smith & Wesson revolver in my ribs dispelled that notion. "Upstairs," he said, "and don't talk or gesture to anyone."

The building was swarming with Islamic Guards, yelling and feinting karate kicks, who rounded up not only my friends, but also some Canadian journalists who worked down the hall. We were blindfolded, stripped of our money and papers, and forced to sit on the floor with our hands clasped behind our heads. "The spies among you will be executed tonight," one guard ominously whispered in my ear. During an hour-long wait for a minibus from the prison, the guards took pleasure in playing with the safety catches of their weapons and murmuring that we might be shot on the spot.

After perfunctory questioning that evening at an Islamic Guards headquarters set up in the late Shah's lavish Saadabad Palace in the northern part of the city, most of the detainees were released. I was not. My questioning had scarcely begun when a guard whispered something into my interrogator's ear. "You are sure?" he replied. "Yes," answered the first. I was blindfolded again and taken to another detention center. The conversation among my guards was chilling: "Tonight? . . . What's he done? . . . Aha!" I helplessly crawled into the corner of my cell, brushed the roaches off the mattress on the floor, huddled in the dusty blanket, and shivered—out of fear and cold. For hours, a single question reverberated through my mind: What is to happen to me tonight?

Around 3 a.m., as the rest of the world was hearing the first reports of Ronald Reagan's electoral victory, my cell door opened. There, accompanied by an Islamic Guard, was a short mullah, about 30 years old, with a sparse beard and a black turban signifying that he was a "Seyyed," one of many clergymen who claim to be descendants of the Prophet Muhammad. "We have become skilled at catching American spies, haven't we?" he said. "You know what punishment you face." It was a flat declarative statement, not a question. "What have I done?" I protested. "I am a journalist."

"The question is not whether you are a spy," he snapped. "That has already been proven. The question is whether you want to live."

I certainly did want to live, and told him so. "Then you must sign this confession," he responded. The typewritten document not only said I was a spy but also that I was a link between former Foreign Minister Sadegh Ghotbzadeh and the CIA. Added the mullah: "Otherwise we will execute you right now."

"But I haven't been tried," I protested, "and the confession you composed is a flagrant lie." I continued to argue. He interrupted: "I have no time to waste on haggling. Will you confess or won't you?"

When I refused again, he ordered me out of the cell. The guard in the corner unholstered his pistol. As I was led out to a courtyard, I could see five rifles glinting in the light from my cell doorway. Click, click. The guards holding them were checking the bolts. My knees turned to jelly, wobbling, unable to support me. I put a hand on each knee to support myself, breathing deeply. Said the mullah: "Listen, Ghotbzadeh is not worth it. Confess. We will make it worth your while."

Images of the revolution raced through my mind, reminding me of all the sacrifices my countrymen had made. Others had stood up for what they believed: the journalist I knew who denounced the Shah in a military court knowing it would mean certain death, those who had died resisting the dreaded SAVAK, the young children who stood over the bullet-ridden bodies of their parents during anti-Shah demonstrations and took up their chants. I thought of my father, an army officer who had been jailed and harassed for life after protesting the widespread corruption under the Shah, and my brother, who was driven insane by SAVAK torturers. I figured a fake confession would not only fail to free me but would further discredit the

legitimate struggle of others. I would not tolerate this mullah imposing his own perverted will. "I won't sign," I said, straightening up.

"You are a fool," he muttered. I asked to see my family. "We will turn your body over to them," he said, telling the firing squad, "don't get him in the head."

As my hands were being tied behind me, I asked for time to pray. I made a full confession before God, occasionally speaking in French and English to confuse the guards, cataloguing my good and bad deeds and begging him to have mercy on my soul. As they blindfolded me, painful bolts of fear ripped up my thighs into my groin. I had trouble controlling my legs, keeping my balance. "You bastards will burn in hell," I muttered.

"Take aim! Fire!" The guns roared. My bladder emptied reflexively. A moment passed. I awaited the impact, searched for the pain. Another moment. Was I dead? Then there was a surge of emotion, the realization that they had not shot me. I cried uncontrollably. My blindfold was ripped off and the mullah was yelling, waving his finger in my face. But I could not hear a word. I was dazed, my vision blurred, the shouted order to fire and the crack of the rifles echoed ceaselessly in my head. I babbled insanely as they dragged me back to my cell.

Why had I been spared? I can only speculate. The mullah and guards who singled me out were obviously acting on behalf of one of the many factions that exist within the militant clergy, a group trying to discredit Ghotbzadeh. They had no official authorization to do anything to me. My wife had been frantically phoning my government sources all evening, and word probably reached my captors that powerful officials were asking after me. Failing to force a confession that would suit their needs, the unknown mullah and his men then simply abandoned me. They left me in the prison, where the authorities did not know who I was or why I was there.

I was awakened late the next morning by a guard, who had no idea of what had happened to me that night, summoning me to breakfast. I still could not speak. I finally got one word out: "Toilet." Holding the wall, I slowly made my way to where he indicated.

For the next five days, as the shock wore off, I was moved around to different prisons where no one had a clue as to why I was being held. At a center for drug pushers, a guard apologized: "We cannot figure out why they have turned you over to us." While there I was told that Ghotbzadeh had been arrested, accused of undermining national unity.

On the sixth day of captivity, I was questioned again, in yet another Islamic Guard center. A lightly bearded lad, about 22, tried to interrogate me above the babble of noise as minor government officials shouted their need for more gasoline coupons, newspaper vendors protested that they sold only Islamic papers, two men arrested for fighting resumed their fight, and a hysterical couple wailed that their daughter was missing. The setting was appropriate for the curious questioning that began: "Why have you been arrested?"

Two hours later, I was released. I was told to remain available for further questioning and not to work as a journalist. My clothes, money, and office equipment had been confiscated. Worse yet, I found that I was still not safe. "You're on a hit list," a friend inside the clerical establishment warned me. I thought at first that he was exaggerating, until I realized that I was being followed. Another contact told me: "You're a marked man. Run for your life, or go underground." It was, I realized with fear and sadness, time to leave my native land.

Since any one arm of the various groups that rule Iran seldom knows what the others are doing, I was able to get a visa to travel to Pakistan. To confuse and elude the men who were trailing me, I made numerous appointments with important government officials on my home telephone, which I knew was tapped, and laid a false trail. Then I sneaked out of my home early one morning and flew to Zahedan, in southeastern Iran. With me I took a friend, Mirza Hashem Hosseini, and his wife, whose house had been raided and looted by a gang claiming to be Islamic Guards. Also with us was another friend, Farhad Yaqubian, who had been arrested and beaten. His crime: he had dropped by to play Ping-Pong with me shortly after my office was raided.

TIME's Raji Samghabadi, safely in New York

"I am more saddened than angered."

The next day we took a bus 50 miles to the border where, as Iranian guards looked on dumbly, we walked across toward Pakistan, rejoicing to ourselves: "We made it!" It was not to be that easy. At the Pakistani post, a visiting Iranian immigration official became suspicious and demanded our passports, despite the fact that we were speaking only Urdu and English. I refused to give him mine, but he took one of my companions' passports. After seeing that my friend did not have an exit permit, he demanded that we return to the Iranian side. "Authorities are already arranging your extradition," he said. "It is in your interest to come back on your own."

I broke into Persian: "Believe me, it is in your interest for me not to come back." I suddenly remembered the snub-nosed Smith & Wesson that I had strapped on my back and a grenade I carried in my coat pocket. I was determined not to be captured alive. The immigration official would be my first target. I looked squarely at him and said: "I like this side better. I am sick and tired of what is happening in Iran, and of so-called officials who believe they have supreme power."

Uniformed Iranian guards came over to join the argument for our return. "They're murderers," they told the Pakistani officers. "They have killed scores of innocent people." The Pakistani checkpoint commander, under a hail of obscenities from the Iranians, calmly replied: "They have valid passports and visas. I obey and enforce the law. I am not here to bandy obscenities with you." Under the protection of the senior Pakistani officer in the region, Major Javid Afrouz, a humane and professional military man, we were protected until we could hire a truck for the ride to the city of Quetta, 400 miles from the troubled border. It was the sweetest ride I have ever had

I was still not totally free, however. I learned from people who crossed the border after me that the Iranians had put paid Afghan assassins on my trail. In addition, at the instigation of the Iranian consul in Quetta, a group of local "students" from Iran, using a van from the consulate, unsuccessfully tried to kidnap my companions from the hotel. The consul implausibly denied complicity when Pakistani authorities protested the raid. But the consul personally tried to have me arrested at the airport a couple of hours later, claiming that I was a notorious former SAVAK agent. Ludicrously enough, for all my supposed notoriety, he could not get my name right. Despite the Keystone Kops incompetence of the various Iranian agents and hotheads who had tried to detain me, I did not feel safe until I was finally airborne on my flight to Paris.

Looking back, I am more saddened than angered over the events that led me to flee my country. I have difficulty believing that so-called "men of God" would try to force an absurd confession from me, or use a mock execution in an effort to destroy a political opponent. These misguided fanatics are certainly not the clergymen who created an aura of righteousness and heroism in their struggle against the Shah's cruel and evil dictatorship. I wonder whether Ayatullah Khomeini truly knows what these cynical opportunists have done to him, to the revolution, and to Islam. Unless he moves swiftly against the architects of the new despotism in Iran, the Islamic revolution will go down in history as a tragic blunder. ■

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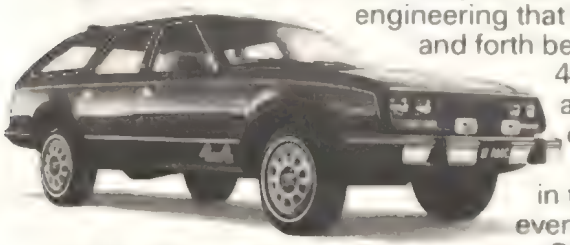

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COVER STORIES

Embattled but Unbowed

As Britain reels from recession and political turmoil, Thatcher soldiers on

Even by the rowdy standards of the House of Commons' "cheer and jeer" debate, Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher was in for a bruising confrontation as she rose from the government front bench last week to answer hostile opposition challenges about the country's unemployment, the worst since the 1930s. Days earlier, when she wore a black dress, Labor M.P. William Hamilton had pointed a taunting finger at her and inquired derisively, "Is she dressed in black because of the unemployment figures?" Now she was meticulously turned out in a tailored gray suit, a soft white bow at her neck, to face another onslaught. In her coolly accented voice, she delivered a forceful and familiar message: only sound money and competitive industry can bring down inflation and eventually create new jobs for Britain.

From the Labor benches jumped M.P. Dennis Skinner, a militant leftist. Stabbing at the air, he roared, "Same old story!" Thatcher, coming alive, snapped back, "Of course, it's the same old story. Truth usually is the same old story." Almost menacingly, Skinner leaned toward her and charged, "We'll get you out—either in this place or outside it." The threat of going outside Parliament to bring down a government brought gasps from many M.P.s. Thatcher did not flinch. "Rubbish," she replied. Then she added, "Indeed, he is the face of the true new Labor Party—not of its democrats—but those who have moved further and further left, towards the East European type of economy." Again came a momentary hush, and then Tory M.P.s broke into cheers at this flash of their leader's steel knuckles.

But hardly had Thatcher faced down her parliamentary opponents than she was confronted by successive challenges on the industrial front. The leader of the gigantic Trades Union Congress and the head of the Confederation of British Industry both lodged urgent demands that she act promptly to reflate the economy or "there'll be nothing left to revive," as one unionist put it. Word came of an impending collision between the government and unions representing 32,000 waterworks employees, who had just turned down a proposed 10% pay boost. The chief union negotiator for 583,000 civil service workers furiously rejected a 6% pay raise offered by Thatcher's government bargainers. Said he: "I told them to get stuffed." Through it all, the Prime Minister stood fast last week. In a TV appearance from No. 10 Downing Street, she had scoffed at past governments that "have taken fright and cut and run" when the going got tough. Said she: "If I could only get this message over: I will not stagger from expedient to expedient."

Prime Minister Thatcher, determined as always, at No. 10 Downing Street

Tory M.P.s broke into cheers at their leader's flash of steel knuckles.

Few other Britons were quite as unruffled. The country has been stumbling ever deeper into the throes of its worst recession since the soup kitchen days of the 1930s. Unemployment has climbed to its highest mark since the Great Depression: 2.4 million jobless, or 10% of the work force, and the grim predictions are that it could reach a watershed mark of 3 million before the end of the year. As the lines of the jobless have lengthened, businessmen as well as trade unionists have despaired. Interest rates have hit unprecedented levels, as high as 22% for an ordinary consumer. Even the strength of the British pound, a sturdy $2.35 because of the North Sea oil bonanza, has not been a total blessing; it has hampered exports by raising the prices of British goods abroad.

On the political front, the country is being sharply polarized between the die-hard right, represented by Thatcher's hair-shirt conservatism, and the increasingly strident demands for a "socialist transformation" issuing from the far-left ranks of the Labor Party. The opposition party itself has all but split asunder as a result of a ferocious internal struggle between its own right and left wings. Late last month Labor changed its rules for selection of its leader—a potential Prime Minister—giving much more power to the

Photographs for TIME by Jacob Sutton—Gamma/Liaison

unions, with their huge bloc votes, and the left-leaning local committees. The action provoked the virtual defection of the leading members of Labor's right wing, which in turn could substantially alter the entire British political scene. An increasingly leftist-oriented Labor Party presents the potential for far-reaching national and international changes: a Britain bolting from the European Community, for instance, or the alteration of all NATO strategy if a Labor government should make good on its professed policy of unilateral disarmament and "sending the nukes back to Washington." Summing up the uncertainties felt by many Britons, *Guardian* Columnist Peter Jenkins observed: "We have all moved into unknown territory, and there is no clear vision of what the future will resemble."

At the heart of this political turmoil is the prime ministership of Margaret Thatcher, the Joan of Archconservatism. Does she have a clear vision of the future? Britons were asking. Is she leading the country out of the wilderness, or into it? The final verdict is not in, but the British public harbors considerable disillusionment with how she has fared to date. In recent weeks, the polls have shown her conservative party as much as 13 points behind Labor; the Prime Minister herself was given a mere 31% approval rating. No angry mobs were taking to the streets, no pitchfork militant was yet daubing down-with-the-rich slogans on the windshield of the nearest industrial executive's Rolls-Royce. Indeed, protest demonstrations by the unemployed were limited, and peaceable. As workers feared for their jobs, in fact, the number of strikes and other labor stoppages fell to a 40-year low. But there was no mistaking the public anxiety. With Britain at an economic and political crossroads, Thatcher's government is facing its severest time of testing.

Americans will be scrutinizing Thatcher with particular attention when she visits Washington later this month, because she is considered the political pioneer in the application of the frugal, budget-cutting policies that the new Reagan Administration itself would like to try out on the U.S. economy. It is no accident that she and Reagan are often regarded as ideological soul mates. Former Republican National Committee Chairman Bill Brock, who went to Britain for a look at the Thatcher campaign in 1979, was so impressed that he brought video tapes of Tory broadcasts back to the U.S. as models for his G.O.P. campaign strategists. To Britons, the Reagan campaign was a distant echo of Thatcher's, and when he delivered his Inaugural Address last month, they heard themes, even phrases, that have become familiar litanies of Thatcher's government. Understandably, Thatcher expects to get on well with Reagan when she arrives at the White House as the first NATO leader to call on the new President. Says she: "We share the view that democracy works best when government doesn't take over too much."

Anti-Thatcher placards, in all their variety, dramatize the public's anxiety

Britons asked, "Is she leading the country out of the wilderness, or into it?"

Even with their similar perspectives, there may be marked differences in approach and degree. Thatcher, a self-styled "conviction politician," obdurately refuses to veer from the course she has set for her government. Her British critics, many of them in her own party, including former Tory Prime Minister Edward Heath, are sounding transatlantic alarms and warning Reagan not to follow Thatcher's economic course. One of Thatcher's own Cabinet ministers has expressed second thoughts. Said he: "If we have any advice to give to President Reagan, it is, 'Don't pack your first budget with too many campaign promises.' "

Hard-edged and superconfident, Thatcher swept into office 21 months ago with a handsome 43-seat parliamentary majority from an electorate that had soured on the Labor government of James Callaghan and was fed up with Britain's intractable unions in the bitter winter of 1979. Labor's image as the only party capable of dealing with the powerful trade unions was sorely damaged when strikes and industrial strife spread across the country. Touting the "monetarist" theories of Milton Friedman, the conservative American economist, Thatcher won big with pledges to cut government spending, reduce income taxes, revitalize industry and create a new climate for business. With a survival-of-the-fittest philosophy, she warned that outdated, unprofitable industries would be allowed to die—but for the sake of new and vital ones. She promised Britons that she would get government off their backs and give them freedom to make their own choices. She called for a renewal of the British spirit she had

The largest protest rally: workers marching in Liverpool early this winter

known as a girl growing up over her father's grocery store in her Lincolnshire birthplace of Grantham.

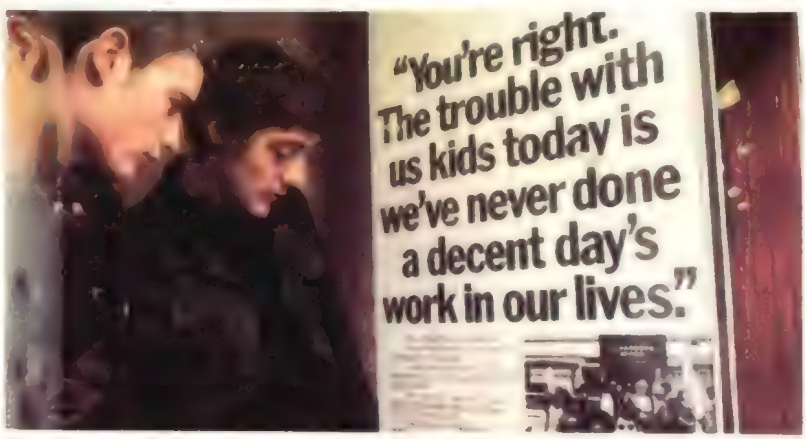
In the international arena, she pledged to strengthen Britain's military defense and stand up to the Russians. Actually, her first successes were scored in foreign policy. She attacked her European Community colleagues over the inequity of Britain's $2.5 billion share of the E.C. budget, and ultimately succeeded in getting it pared by two-thirds. In the summer of 1979, she traveled to southern Africa and, under the tutelage of her able Foreign Secretary, Lord Carrington, changed her position and cleared the way for peace negotiations that ultimately transformed Britain's former colony of Rhodesia into independent Zimbabwe. She was the most outspoken backer of President Carter's hard line against the Soviets following their invasion of Afghanistan and his efforts to boycott the Olympics.

Her highest priority, however, was economic—specifically to "wring inflation out of the economy." She warned candidly, "Things will get worse before they get better," a prediction that proved accurate in the extreme. She stressed that, above all, if the government practiced discipline and the Friedman doctrine of strict control of the money supply, Britain could recapture its old place "in the first division among nations." In her initial budget, she promptly cut income taxes: from 83% to 60% for those earning more than $50,000, and from 33% to 30% for those below. To replace the $9.5 billion in lost revenues, she raised the value-added tax (VAT), a levy on all but barest essentials, to an across-the-board 15%. Public spending in the areas of foreign aid, education, housing and municipal services was cut; housing alone was reduced $3.5 billion.

Thatcher had one resource that was helping ease the nation's financial burden: the North Sea oilfields. They were to make Britain self-sufficient in petroleum by the end of Thatcher's first 18 months in office. Typically, Thatcher refused to distribute the oil at cut rates to British industry. British consumers had to pay the full market price.

But, inexorably, the recession affecting the whole industrialized West came to be felt more and more painfully, and in Britain the promised Thatcher recovery did not begin. By last autumn, the public mood had turned sour. When the poor year-end statistics were made public, Thatcher was being pilloried for what Labor's Denis Healey, former Chancellor of the Exchequer, called her "punk monetarism." Said Eric Varley, Labor's spokesman on employment matters: "The consequences of this doctrinaire obsession are still wreaking havoc in every part of the country." Thatcher's own Industry Secretary, Sir Keith Joseph, glumly admitted that his government "lost the first year," and the *Economist* magazine, which had supported Thatcher's election, characterized her economic experiment as "a prescription for electoral suicide."

Britain's economic condition is indeed worse in virtually every respect than when Thatcher took office. At the outset, she had said it would take 18 months to two years for results to show, but that timetable is nearly up and the turnaround is nowhere in sight. Inflation, 10% when the conservatives came in, is now 15%, though that is a considerable improvement from a high of 22% last summer. The gross national product has fallen from 1.5% growth in 1978-79 to a negative 3% for 1979-80. Some 10,000 businesses went bankrupt, a record. Unemployment climbed by a phenomenal 66% in 1980



Unemployed youths inspect poster at a job center in South London

Even the strength of the pound turned into a damnation in disguise.

—and 86% since Thatcher took office. In the manufacturing regions of the north, 14.8% of the male work force is jobless. Meanwhile, the government has been unable either to control the money supply or control public spending, the two keystones of its monetarist policy. The budgetary deficit for fiscal 1980-81 was first forecast at $20 billion, then revised last November to $27 billion. Now government sources expect the deficit to exceed $30 billion, an increase of $7 billion over last year's deficit. To compensate, Thatcher and her Cabinet are now talking about imposing new taxes. Ironically, it is the private sector—the area of her prime concern and source of her strongest support in the last election—that is suffering the most.

What went wrong? In initiating Milton Friedman's theories, Thatcher seems to have discovered a catch-22. Push interest rates to a record high, which she did, and it is private enterprise and individuals who have to curtail investment and spending. Force noncompetitive businesses to wring out their slack and unemployment rises. As workers "go on the dole," the nation's welfare costs rise dramatically.

Thus total public spending tended to go up instead of down. Just as welfare costs rose, so did government subsidies to public-sector industries. Some of the proposals advanced by Thatcher simply proved unrealistic, like her plan to cut government financing for such ailing nationalized industries as British Steel, British Airways and British Leyland, the automaker. To have allowed the companies to collapse would have meant a million new unemployed, including tens of thousands of jobs in supplier companies. Explained Deputy Prime Minister William Whitelaw: "In the real world, you cannot destroy your steel industry and remain an industrial power of any standing."

Friedman, a research fellow at California's Hoover Institution, refuses to acknowledge that his theories are to blame for Thatcher's troubles. Calling the Prime Minister "a remarkable woman," he says that "unfortunately, actual practice has not conformed to policy." Monetary growth increased rather than declined, he points out. (At 22.5%, it is more than double the target of 7% to 11%.) He criticizes Thatcher's decision to go along with a campaign promise to raise civil service salaries by 28%, so that they would approach salaries in the private sector. Says Friedman: "That shot into a cocked hat the hope of cutting down government spending." He also thinks it was a mistake to decrease upper-bracket income taxes while increasing the value-added tax, which could only add to inflation.

Thatcher admits that things have not gone well and looks to more difficulties ahead. "It will be another hard year," she told a recent Tory conference, "but I believe that if the government sticks—as it will—to its determination to get inflation out of the economy, and if the pay settlements this winter are reasonable, there is real hope that a year from now things will be looking distinctly brighter." Referring to the pressure for a policy U-turn, she says, "This lady's not for turning."

Confrontation, in fact, is her métier, and even the day-to-day combat in the highly charged arena at the House of Commons stimulates her. Recently she confessed: "The adrenaline flows. They really come out fighting at me, and I fight back. I stand there and I know, 'Now come on, Maggie, you are wholly on your own. No one can help you.' And I love it." Virtually every demand of public office seems to agree with her. Thatcher looks, if anything, more youthful than when she moved into Downing Street. There is little relaxation in her regimen. Her staff is awed by her "terrific appetite

COURTESY OF THE ECONOMIST

Thatcher and Reagan on magazine cover

The safest citizenry on which to experiment.

for work and her energy level." Her voice gets husky after particularly heavy weeks, but she rarely seems tired. Five hours of sleep are enough, she insists. She rises about 6:30 a.m., listens to radio news, prepares breakfast—coffee, toast and fruit—for herself and her husband of 29 years, Denis Thatcher, 65, a semiretired business executive. Their 27-year-old twins are off on their own: Carol is a journalist in Australia; Mark, a racing driver whose avocation and political gaffes have sometimes been cause for concern.

On a typical day, Thatcher walks down one flight of stairs to the Prime Minister's study around 9 for early appointments. Twice a week, her hairdresser will have already come and gone by then, maintaining the new darker shade of blond she has adopted on the recommendation of an image consultant. Lunch, if not official, is likely to be a salad brought in by her secretary. Dinner is regularly taken at the House of Commons with backbenchers, a habit that builds political capital. It also saves cooking: the Thatchers have no regular cook. After dinner she may have guests for drinks in the family quarters or settle down to several hours of paperwork. Says an aide: "Hers is a no-nonsense, no-fuss life."

The Thatcher style of leadership "has mellowed a bit," says one Cabinet minister with whom she often disagrees sharply. However, she still tends to dominate discussions among her inner circle, and Cabinet ministers, particularly those who do not share her views, grouse about her overlong lectures and lack of humor. She does display a thoughtfulness about personal situations and an unaffected directness in talking with "little people." On the same day that she has purposely discomfited a minister, she will stop and have a cup of tea with the Downing Street switchboard operators. At a recent Tory conference, a 15-year-old lad made a speech that was a great success. When he was brought to meet the Prime Minister, she first asked if he had called his mother to tell her how the speech went. When he said no, she fished out a tenpence coin from her purse and sent him to a telephone.

At the same time, Thatcher is accused of having no real compassion for the public at large. Critics claim the 2.4 million unemployed seem to be statistics to her, rather than individuals. When an interviewer recently pressed her about a seeming lack of sympathy, Thatcher replied sharply, "It's like a nurse looking after an ill patient. Which is the better nurse—the one who smothers the patient with sympathy and says, 'Never mind, dear. Just lie back. I'll look after you.' Or the one who says, 'Now, come on. Shake out of it. I know you had an operation yesterday. It's time you put your feet to the ground and took a few steps.' Which do you think is the better nurse?"

That sort of unbending self-reliance, when applied to monetarism at the expense of political considerations, has caused deep anxiety among many Tory M.P.s, who have to suffer the brunt of their constituents' discontent over unemployment, bankruptcies and shuttered businesses. Indeed, there is already speculation about Thatcher's political survival if economic conditions show no signs of improvement by next year. Labor M.P. Phillip Whitehead cites a British political rule of thumb: "The Labor Party always talks about getting rid of its leaders, but never does. The Tory Party never talks about getting rid of theirs—but does it." How could a coup against a leader with a 43-seat majority be brought off? One senior minister sketches a simple scenario: "If, after another year to 15 months, there are no signs of an upturn in the economy and a reduction in unemployment, I would expect a Cabinet consensus to force a change of policy. If Thatcher agreed, there need not be any change, except in policy. If she disagreed, it would go to a vote in the Cabinet, and if she were defeated, she would have to go." In such an event, adds the minister, the Tories "would have no alternative but to spend their way out of

the crisis, which could split the Conservatives and possibly bring in Labor."

Across the land, unemployment has spawned some demonstrations; 50,000 workers turned out in bitter cold for a Labor "Day of Protest" on the gray and eerily lifeless docks of Liverpool. But there are as yet no serious signs that the social fabric cannot stretch with the strain. In the 1960s, British social scientists believed there would be riots in the streets if only a million people were out of work. Now workingmen sip their pint of lager in the pubs and union clubs and calmly discuss the bleak prospect of 3 million jobless. "People are bitter, but they're adapting so far," says Bruce George, a Labor M.P. from a constituency north of Birmingham where unemployment has doubled. "The one thing we haven't seen, thank God, is a major racial explosion. The easiest people to blame would be the immigrants."

At Johnson's Café, a wooden shack across the road from the main gate of British Leyland's Austin-Morris plant near Oxford, where workers can get a sausage, egg and chips lunch for 39 pence (92¢), everyone agrees that times are rough. But the young tend to disagree with the old about where the fault lies. One maintenance worker, who approves of Thatcher's economic policy, insists that "the trouble with this country is the unions have got too much power." An assembly-line worker who has been at the plant for 25 years, and remembers the depression, fumes: "We haven't got a government, not as far as the working class is concerned!" In Manchester, proud birthplace of the Industrial Revolution and once the most dynamic manufacturing center in the world, unemployment has doubled in a year, from 20,000 to an estimated 40,000. The city is ringed with plant after plant full of outdated machinery, operated by sharply curtailed work forces. Says Norman Morris, the leader of Manchester's city council: "Nearly all of our industry is suffering now. This area has tremendous potential, enormous expertise and a great desire to push across new frontiers. What's lacking is the capital."

At the labor exchange a few blocks from city hall, Frederick Holt, 64, emerges jubilant because he has just found a ten-day job as a census taker. Unemployed for a year, Holt is pessimistic. "All I can see is unemployment going up to 4 million by 1985. What's going to happen to this great country?" Another casualty of the crisis is William Sykes, 41, who was a skilled metalworker and shop steward for an engineering firm in Manchester that makes industrial gears. The plant was forced to lay off more than two-thirds of its work force in the past three months. Early in December, Sykes, who had been with the firm almost 27 years, got a letter saying he had been "selected for redundancy." Then, he recalls, "I got another letter next day saying, 'Finish up at four o'clock.' And that was it." He was handed a slip of paper as he left, noting his severance pay: a lump sum of $9,750 to tide him over until he became eligible for unemployment compensation in twelve weeks. Married with one child, he can then collect $82.37 a week. Trying to calculate how he will manage the mortgage payments, he shook his head morosely. "It's been a big jolt, what's happened."

Labor Party conference at Wembley last month; (inset) Leader Michael Foot

"A lot of people are saying, 'We've had enough of both the major parties.'"

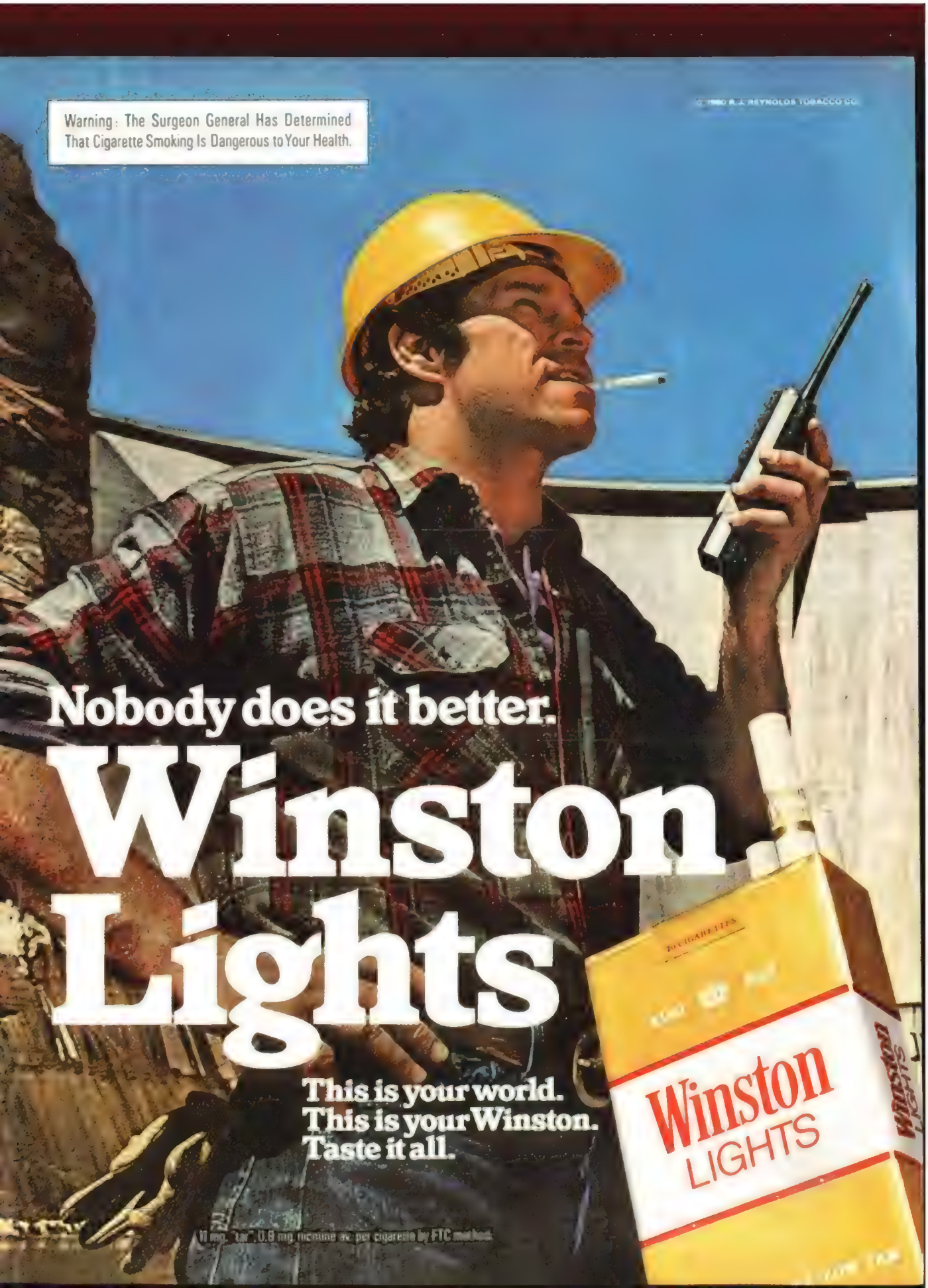
The main reason for the relatively stoical mood with which Britons are taking the country's economic troubles is the elaborate social security system. A complicated infrastructure of welfare benefits, instituted by Clement Attlee's Labor government in 1945, cushions most families from real hunger or homelessness. In addition to severance pay and unemployment benefits, most workers with children are entitled to an income tax rebate, a rent rebate on public housing, and free milk and lunches at school.

However, Historian Asa Briggs, provost of Worcester College, Oxford, warns that "just because people are quiet now does not mean there will not be all-out trouble in the future." Lord Briggs believes that the era of rising expectations, in which the standard of living was expected to improve every year, is over, and the realization of this could lead to a leftist backlash. Says he: "Politics is all about being a little better off. If you can't have that, people may go in for wilder objectives like a real redistribution of income."

To judge from the increase in the Labor Party's popularity in the polls, some of the backlash may be under way. What better issue is there than hard times for a party that has traditionally been the champion of the worker? But Labor, caught in the throes of the worst internal split in its 80-year history, is hardly in a position to exploit it. Labor, in fact, seems in mortal danger of committing political suicide. On the one side is a noisy, growing claque of radical leftists, given to raising clenched fists and shouting Trotskyite slogans, who are maneuvering to capture the levers of party power *(see following story)*. On the other is a handful of rising and ambitious M.P.s, accustomed to the prerogatives of Westminster corridors, who are threatening to bolt Labor and form a new centrist party.

These ideological divisions in the Labor Party are not new, but in the past the two sides have managed to coexist in dynamic tandem. The party's center-right dominated the real sources of power, the Commons and the Cabinet, where national policies are forged. The left, galvanized by the brilliant oratory of the late Aneurin Bevan, pursued its socialist goals through the giant trade unions. But the new left is no longer content with a passive role. When Callaghan resigned as Labor Party leader last fall, the left began to move in earnest to bring in one of its own. To stave off a party split in the fight for leadership, the M.P.s chose Michael Foot, 67, an amiable, cultivated libertarian socialist in the old mode, with a reputation as a peacemaker.

The party had also adopted what to its right wing were two impossible positions: withdrawal of Britain from the European Community and a call for unilateral nuclear disarmament. Although he has long favored both positions, Foot sought to reassure the dissidents and pleaded with them to stay in the Labor fold. But then came a special one-day party conference in the London suburb of Wembley late last month to consider a rules change for choosing a party leader in the future. In the past, the party's mostly moderate members of Parliament held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the exclusive right to choose the party leader. At the urging of the left, the party established an electoral college in which the combined power of the unions and the leftist constituency committees could outvote the establishment M.P.s.

Within hours, the right-wingers announced the formation of a new "Council for Social Democracy" as a prelude to forming a new political party. A trio of former Cabinet ministers, Shirley Williams, David Owen and William Rodgers —immediately dubbed "The Gang of Three"—were quickly joined by a fourth: former Deputy Party Leader Roy Jenkins, back from four years as president of the European Commission. They have appealed to other Laborites to join them. The acrimony between victorious leftists and the rightists was demonstrated at the next meeting of the national executive committee. Foot wheeled on Williams. "You had better make your mind up—if you want to join another party, it is quite intolerable that you should sit here." Tony Benn, the suave standard-bearer of the radical left, was even more virulent. He shouted at Williams: "If you are plotting to form a new party, you cannot sit here in the highest councils of Labor with all access to party documents available to you!"

The party split, if it comes finally and formally to that, would not cleave the party down the middle but break off an influential splinter, made up mostly of "Oxbridge" (Oxford and Cambridge) educated, middle-class M.P.s. Tweaking their somewhat elitist image, the *Guardian* ran a cartoon about the hypothetical problem the dissidents would have when they met to choose a leader: "... They could always have a wine-tasting competition." Last week five moderate trade unions joined to declare they would fight to overturn the rules change at the next party conference. Deputy Party Leader Denis Healey, borrowing a phrase from Hugh Gaitskell's fight against the left in 1961, vowed to "fight, fight and fight again."

Meanwhile, Liberal Party Leader David Steel, the most popular such figure in the country at the moment, with a 63% approval rating, told the disaffected Laborites to "stop dithering" and form a new party. The Liberals, who have never held power, usually poll between 14% and 18% in general elections. Steel is eager to cooperate in an alliance with a potential Social Democratic party that could bring his own group into a bona fide governing coalition. Several new polls indicated that such a centrist alliance could win 38% to 40% of the vote, and even some disenchanted Tories talked of signing on. But few political analysts believed any such alliance could score heavily against the long-standing organizations of the conservatives and Labor when the next election comes some time before the spring of 1984. Says University of London Professor Esmond Wright: "The alliance hasn't a cat's chance, and that's a pity, because that's where the country is."

Many British intellectuals see this as a pivotal moment in the country's political history. Certainly, the influence of the new left, both inside and outside the Labor Party, is being strongly felt. The universities are full of noisy protesters. "A pacifist is a chap shouting at you when you're trying to speak," sighs an official spokesman on nuclear weapons policy. An antinuclear lobby is growing larger and more vocal as bearded young militants in duffel coats and girls with CND (Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament) pins over their hearts express hostility to having U.S. bases in Britain, which would commit the country to war in a nuclear exchange. They also often oppose NATO as a capitalist prop. This upsurge of pacifism with an anti-American edge might have been expected in the twilight of the Viet Nam War, but why now, when America's reputation under Jimmy Carter has been that of a weak superpower with a strong human rights policy?

One reason, believes Christoph Bertram, the director of the International Institute for Strategic Studies, is simply frustration over the economy. Says Bertram: "When the government has finished administering its bitter medicine—whether it works or not—this will be a different country. My fear is that it's going to be a country that is more anti-American, more anti-European, more insular." Bertram contends that left-wing moralism and pacifism have traditionally played a role in British politics. But now "moralism has combined with the fear that nuclear weapons might actually be used. This has tended to blur the distinction, so vital for the nuclear age, between deterrence and actual warfare."

Certainly the economic crisis has driven home the realization that Britain is going to have to make some hard choices about its defense commitments. M.P. Bruce George, a member of the Commons Select Committee on Defense, says there is no way Britain can meet its varied defense commitments and pay for the proposed $12 billion Trident missile program, which would allow Britain to maintain an independent nuclear deterrent through the end of the century. Thatcher's position on Trident is clear: she will not cancel it. Nonetheless, her government is facing severe budgetary problems in maintaining a defense spending program that represents just over 5% of its G.N.P. As the economic crisis intensifies, so will the debate over defense—and the country's priorities.

KEYSTONE

Thatcher with Chancellor of the Exchequer Sir Geoffrey Howe

She will soon have to turn her attention from surgery to rehabilitation.

North Sea oil has bought Britain some precious time in which to put its economic house in order. It is Thatcher's ambition—and almost religious determination—to seize this unique moment to transform Britain's economy in order that it may survive over the long term, with or without oil. Until now, she has concentrated on the radical surgery of cutting away the deadwood of ailing industries. But the signs are that, like the stern nurse she is fond of quoting, she soon will have to turn her attention to getting the sick patient back on its feet, to move from surgery to rehabilitation.

Her conservative government, with its big majority, seems safely ensconced until 1984, in part because Labor has not been able to mobilize a following that can truly bring it down before then. Michael Foot talks of legions of Britons taking to the streets in outrage, determined to topple the "criminal" Thatcher government. But instead his own party is tearing itself asunder, giving Thatcher a golden year virtually free of serious political fears. It may just be the piece of luck she needs to get through this perilous period in which she is struggling to bring her monetarist equation into balance. If she fails, she will have to alter course sharply or bow out. If she succeeds, she will have administered much-needed therapy to the Britain she believes in—and she will have written quite a chapter for the political textbooks. *—By Marguerite Johnson. Reported by Bonnie Angelo and Erik Amfitheatrof/London*

An Interview with Thatcher

The Prime Minister argues for strong doctrines at home and abroad

In the world outside, her policies and her government were being buffeted by bleak statistics and sour skepticism. But in her quietly elegant office at No. 10 Downing Street, Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher was a study in controlled serenity nearing the end of another demanding day. Wearing a sleek black and gold-lamé dinner gown she had chosen for an earlier portrait sitting, she talked animatedly with London Bureau Chief Bonnie Angelo and TIME*'s Frank Melville. On economic issues she was the patient teacher, with some pointers for the new occupant of the White House. On world affairs she was "the Iron Lady," standing up to the Soviet Union. Excerpts:*

On views shared with President Reagan. We believe the same things as a broad strategy: you've got to have sound money —and sound money is a much better phrase than monetarism. All monetarism is, is to try to keep the supply of money in line with the supply of goods and services. If you go away from that, you lose confidence in your money, you lose confidence in the future.

We both believe that the free society produces a very much higher standard of living and produces the dignity and freedom that are a fundamental part of our belief. And if you start to circumscribe the free society, you'll lose both the dignity and the result, the higher standard of living. If you compare Western societies with the Soviet system, the Soviet societies don't provide the goods.

Never let it be said that a person of my political beliefs—or President Reagan's, I assume—does not want strong government. We do, strong in the things that government, and only government, can do. The government has to be strong in defense, strong in upholding and enforcing the rule of law, strong to maintain the value of the currency, strong to protect the integrity of the nation, the individual and his freedom. Only governments can do those things, but it must not intrude too much on the things which the people do better than government.

On lessons Britain's experience holds for Reagan's own economic plans. I'm afraid that in the early stages bringing down inflation means that you have increasing unemployment, and I don't know any other way of doing it. Unemployment is much worse if your work force demands larger pay than is warranted by productivity. I have the impression that in the United States your pay increases are very much more modest, much more in step with productivity. You also do not have the same number of public-sector industries that we have. I think President Reagan is more likely to be able to reduce inflation and still have not as much increased unemployment as ours.

Never, never, never, I beg of you, go the way of incomes policies [wage and price guidelines] in the sense that you say, "You can only have X percent." You build in all sorts of rigidities. Never go that way, because you'll spend the next two years unwinding the distortions. And they always unwind upward.

"Never let it be said that a person of my political beliefs —or President Reagan's, I assume—does not want strong government."

On the criticism that she has failed to cut public spending. We all wish we had cut it earlier and deeper. The problem is that everyone in your political party is very keen on cutting public spending as long as you don't touch their own particular hobbyhorse. We would have been able to cut it much faster and sharper if we hadn't honored the Clegg tribunal [to raise salaries of public service employees to make them comparable with the private sector]. That was an enormous increase. This year the pay to civil servants, local government, nurses is 50% above what it was two years ago. Now they are as advantageously treated as the private sector. In some cases, more so, because it is the private sector that is taking the unemployment, not the public sector.

On dealing with the trade unions. The number of strikes is the lowest in 40 years. Not bad for a Conservative government! It's our realistic policy of saying, "You're responsible for what goes on in your factory, and if you get it wrong, you can carry the can. Don't come to government to bail you out." [The unions] are now getting rid of some of their own militants.

On the possibility of social unrest if unemployment rises to 3 million. I don't think there will be unrest. We have got this large figure of unemployment, which causes great distress. We try to alleviate it by every method possible. What we do is called selective help. Where areas are absolutely at their worst, we give special help. That's much better than just saying we'll flood the economy with printed money. The moment you pump in bad money it debases the value of good money. Before the end of this year there should be an improvement as companies start to build up their stocks again.

On Britain's participation in the European Community. We've had our quarrels with Europe. They were justifiable. I believe we are through them. Who would rejoice if Britain came out? The Warsaw Pact countries. They would have their tight alliance and would see that the democracies could not work together in peace. We can and we do. Of course, there will be difficult times—the closer the family is, the more virulent the quarrels.

On the need for closer cooperation between Washington and Europe. We have to find a method of closer, regular consultation. We were very conscious that after Afghanistan it took a little time to spring into action. On the other hand, we don't want to burden you with too many visits across the Atlantic.

On Reagan's hawkish statements about the Soviet Union. I certainly agree. I make a dispassionate assessment of my potential enemy, his objectives, his methods—and I don't believe the Soviet Union changes its objectives, it merely changes its methods. I may not know its motives, but I know the fantastic proportion of its gross national product that it puts into armaments. I know that being in a substantially landlocked country, with most of its supplies coming across land, it does not need such a big, big navy. It does not

need so many submarines. Why then, is it doing these things? I know that although it growls at Europe for stationing cruise missiles, it's got the most modern-theater nuclear weapons in the SS20. I know that they marched into Afghanistan, I know they are in Hungary, Czechoslovakia. They've got Cuban surrogates in Angola. I know that they've given help to both Somalia and Ethiopia. I know that there have been problems in the Caribbean, problems in Central America. Why? It is actually culpable if a leader does not make an assessment of that. That's not hawkish—I hate those jargon things. That's doing your duty by your countrymen

On the Camp David peace process. Camp David has demonstrated that peace between Israel and an Arab neighbor, involving Israeli withdrawal from territory, is possible, and its achievements must be preserved. If it can make further progress, so much the better, but there is also room for a fresh look at the situation. Of course, the efforts of the U.S. and of Europe must be coordinated. We share the aim of a comprehensive peace settlement.

On proposals for expanding NATO's role. I do think that it is time to see whether NATO should extend its sphere of influence. You can see what's happening: the balance of deterrence—or the balance of terror if you like—between the Soviet Union and the U.S. and Europe is holding the line across Europe. But you are getting troubles almost girdling the world below the NATO belt. Viet Nam and Cambodia, Iran and Iraq, Ethiopia, Somalia and Angola. Central America and the Caribbean. There are times when your front line may be way beyond NATO. I do think that is something we need to look at, because raw materials lines are absolutely vital to the capability to defend yourself

On stationing U.S. cruise missiles in Britain. So long as those fantastic SS20s in the Soviet Union are targeted on Europeans, so long must I have a deterrent to them. We are very fortunate to have someone else's weapons stationed on our soil, to fight those targeted on us.

On demands by Labor leftists for unilateral nuclear disarmament. Look, it's my total objective to stop [Labor Party Leader] Michael Foot or anyone who shares that kind of view from ever getting in power. And I believe I'll succeed. I believe that this country knows that it must defend itself by all possible means. If we weren't prepared to, it would be an enormous victory for a potential enemy, without his ever having fired a shot. Whenever freedom was in doubt, we were prepared to stand and fight. If ever we weren't, there would be such a fundamental change in Britain, it would be a Britain I could not recognize – and do not foresee. Britain will stand firm. ■

Labor M.P. Tony Benn addresses Young Socialists in London

Howling Down the Old Guard

Labor's new leftists advocate frightening doctrines

"This government has got to be *forced* out of office!" cried a Young Socialist and self-professed "Trotskyite" at an anti-Thatcher rally earlier this winter. As the thunderous roar of approval died down, the frail, white-maned figure of Labor Party Leader Michael Foot stepped to the microphone. "Throw the government out!" yelled Foot. Then he cautioned: "But prepare to destroy at the ballot box."

Foot's message to the increasingly restive extreme of his party was the same then as it is now: cool it. But it is falling for the most part on deaf ears. Even Foot, a firebrand himself in his youth, has been overtaken by a new breed of militant British leftists. They are mostly youthful, largely middle-class ideologues who habitually spout Marx, Lenin and Trotsky but shun Soviet-style Communism. Combining pie-in-the-sky visions of a British utopia with a pragmatic flair for nuts-and-bolts political organizing, they have driven a wedge deep into the 80-year-old Labor Party.

Divisive behavior on the part of Labor's extreme left is nothing new. In the '30s and again in the '50s, the far left went to the mat with the leadership, first over Depression-era economic policies, then over nuclear disarmament and state ownership of industry. But the extreme left has never come so tantalizingly close to dominating the party. Nor has Labor's future ever rested so firmly in the hands of such an unlikely and, to many Britons, scary lot.

A sampler of the policies being advocated by Labor's militant left:

▸ *Withdrawal from NATO and unilateral nuclear disarmament.* A resolution to pull out of NATO altogether was defeated at the annual conference in Blackpool last fall, but anti-NATO, anti-American sentiment runs strong. The party is already committed to opposing the deployment of American cruise missiles on British soil and to canceling Britain's $1.6 billion order with the U.S. for 64 Trident missiles. Far leftists also strongly oppose the Thatcher government's $12 billion program to modernize Britain's existing nuclear force.

▸ *Withdrawal from the European Community.* Britain's membership in the Community, say the leftists, has pushed up prices, cost thousands of British jobs and reduced the sovereign rights of Parliament. The militants resent the fact that Britain pays out large subsidies to support the economies of other Community countries. Some fear a Community grab to control Britain's energy policy and North Sea oil. The nation, they say, should look elsewhere for more profitable and sympathetic trading partners, including Communist bloc and Third World countries. According to a recent poll, 58% of the British public now agree that Britain's economy suffers because of Community membership.

▸ *Nationalization of Big Industry.* As the centerpiece of a planned economy, the militants would immediately nationalize Britain's top 200 corporations, including the banking, insurance and trucking industries. They also call for renationalization without compensation for any businesses that might be returned to private ownership by the Thatcher government. Militant theorists believe the free-market system is incapable of correcting the economic distortions created by stagflation. They view direct government intervention as the only way to put Britain back on a sound economic footing.

▸ *Abolition of elite institutions.* Labor has accepted a radical motion that would abolish Britain's storied private schools and the House of Lords. The radicals consider the House of Lords a prime symbol of the elitist British class system. One left-wing leader proposed a novel idea for its

self-destruction: place 1,000 new barons in the House of Lords just so they could vote to abolish it.

"Everything that is outmoded or that will hinder our progress, and everything that can be used to maintain the power and privilege of the Tory establishment must be swept away," exclaims far-left M.P. Eric Heffer. Heffer, 59, rejects the old British maxim that "the Labor Party owes more to Methodism than Marx." His view is blunt: "Marxism has been a more powerful influence."

But the undisputed guru of the militant left is M.P. Tony Benn. A constant thorn in the side of Labor's parliamentary party, which comprises the elected M.P.s, Benn has held several Cabinet posts in Labor governments since he was first elected to the House of Commons in 1950. A handsome aristocrat who attributes many of his political ideas to the Bible, Benn became a favorite, if unanointed leader of the extreme left for renouncing his peerage in 1963.

Benn insists he is not a Marxist. Yet during the present crisis, he has uncritically supported militant maneuvering to expand the left's power. Not surprisingly, last week Benn was made a member of Foot's shadow cabinet. Says the man who became famous as "the reluctant peer": "The only time the leaders will take any notice is when those of us who put them where they are today also have the power to remove them."

The party's leadership is already dominated by moderate leftists who hesitate to discipline troublemakers. The 30-member national executive committee, for example, is controlled by its 19 leftist members, including Heffer and Benn. Four of the twelve major unions in the party vote consistently with the left. Of Labor's 635 constituency parties, the militants already control some 100 and carry weight in another 200.

The consequent impact of a mere 10,000 militant activists has been out of all proportion to their numbers. The heaviest hitters are the followers of Tony Benn and a loosely organized group of Trotskyites called the Militant Tendency. Militant Tendency runs its own weekly newspaper, maintains a full-time paid staff of 66 whose prime task is to recruit students to the cause, and controls some 2,000 regulars. Predicts M.T. Leader Ted Grant, 67, a balding South African–born revolutionary: "In another five to ten years the Marxists will have real influence in the party."

The secret of the militant left has been its patient cultivation of party members at the grass roots. Their technique? Simply to outlast and outtalk older party members. Under pressure from families or jobs, the elders are not as inclined as the militants to argue politics into the wee hours. Protests right-wing Dissident Leader Shirley Williams: "When the moderates resist, they are howled down. There is a fascism of the left, just like the right." Similar tactics also won the militants considerable support among the unions, where they have had immeasurable help from the likes of Arthur Scargill, the combative Marxist president of the Yorkshire Miners, and Clive Jenkins, general secretary of the 500,000-member white-collar Association of Scientific, Technical and Managerial Staffs. Widespread apathy among the rank and file has also made the militants' job easier. Individual party membership has dropped to about 220,000 from a high of more than 1 million in 1952.

The hard work and high rhetoric have paid off handsomely. The radicals have forced Labor to accept "reselection," a midterm performance review of M.P.s by their constituents. They have not only heavily influenced the party's manifesto, or platform, with their radical policies, but are pressing for more control over enforcement of party policy at the grass roots. When they wrested the privilege of selecting the party's leader and potential Prime Minister from the parliamentary party, many militants predicted their power play would one day be regarded as a kind of *coup de grâce* against the moderates.

What conditions have fostered the radical transformation from the libertarian tradition of Aneurin Bevan to the hot-eyed radicalism of Benn and Scargill? Some believe that Britain's freewheeling, free-spending years under a succession of Labor governments raised illusory expectations for the young. Others think the party became devoid of serious ideas. "There was an ideological vacuum in the Labor Party," says Peter Shipley, a conservative expert on British revolutionaries. "Labor had come to a full stop. The extreme left claimed to have the answers and started to fill the vacuum." Says Alfred Sherman, director of Britain's conservative Center for Policy Studies: "The young have gone left because in Britain there is nothing to believe in any more. Not Christianity. Not the Empire. Not the old institutions." Former Labor Prime Minister Harold Wilson, for one, is as wistful as he is angry about the change. "Nye Bevan," he muses, "would not be seen dead with this lot." ■

"Proud to Be Called a Marxist"

When the Young Socialists recommended their chairman, Andrew Bevan, then age 24, as the Labor Party's National Youth Officer back in 1976, the hue and cry was immediate. London's *Daily Mirror* was quick to call him "Red Andy" and "a dangerous representative of Trotskyist infiltration." The *Times* editorialized that Bevan was a "subversive element" and likened his appointment to "soldiers under siege being asked suddenly to accept the command of one of the enemy." An array of Labor stalwarts, including Michael Foot and then Prime Minister James Callaghan, objected to Bevan's selection.

Despite the protests, the young activist won the job by a 15-to-12 vote of the Labor Party national executive committee. Backing him were three mainstays of the party's radical wing: Tony Benn, Eric Heffer, and Labor M.P. Frank Allaun, a pacifist often suspected of pro-Moscow views. Bevan thus became chief Marxist proselytizer among the nation's youth. Says he: "I'm trying to convince young people to fight for real socialist policies where it counts. We have to transform the Labor Party."

Militant Andrew Bevan

A slender, dark-haired Welshman of considerable charm and directness, Bevan makes no secret of his ideological allegiances. "I'm proud to be called a Marxist," he says. "I do not consider being called a Communist an insult. Most people misunderstand Communism—to most people Communism means Stalinism, and I reject that." He scornfully dismisses alarmed charges that he is some sort of subversive. "I'm no infiltrator," he says. "We want to bring about an end to the mess that the capitalist system is in."

Bevan (no relation to postwar left-wing Laborite Aneurin Bevan) says his activism was partly inherited from a grandfather, who was a union official, and his father, who was an active Laborite. As a schoolboy, he learned that during economic slumps Wales seemed to be "the dumping ground of British capitalism." He says he simply "questioned the way society was organized" and found an alternative in socialism.

Bevan zealously believes a democratic form of radical Marxism is possible in Britain. The '80s, he thinks, will be the "decade of the Big Option," meaning that Britons will have to decide "between Thatcherism and the radical socialist alternative." Indeed, if the Andy Bevans get their way, Britain's polarization may be just beginning.

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POLAND

"Face to Face with Anarchy"

Kania talks tough as one strike ends and new troubles loom

Enough is enough! That was the unmistakable message from Warsaw's Communist bosses as Poland struggled through another tense week of strikes and stop-and-start negotiations between the government and the unions. In one of his toughest speeches to date, Party Leader Stanislaw Kania charged that Solidarity, the independent union federation, was "being steered in the direction of political opposition." As a result, he thundered, "we have come face to face with manifestations of anarchy, with the transformation of a group that called itself a trade union into something far removed from what is laid down in its statutes."

Walesa with strikers in Bielsko-Biala

Hugs and kisses after an accord.

Those harsh words, first spoken at a closed-door party committee meeting in Warsaw, were broadcast throughout the nation on state radio. They appeared to be a stern, perhaps final warning to Solidarity to end the scattered strikes and sit-ins that have cost the economy more than $100 million in the past month.

The rise in tensions came in the wake of an agreement that first appeared to defuse the latest cycle of labor turmoil. After a 13-hour negotiating marathon, union and government representatives early last week announced a tentative settlement on two of Solidarity's key demands. The government accepted, in principle, a five-day work week, but would allow only three free Saturdays a month for the rest of the year. Solidarity was also promised access to state television and radio.

Union Leader Lech Walesa at first hailed the agreement as "the greatest success we have achieved so far." Solidarity's militants, however, felt that the union had given up far more than the government—notably by agreeing to work every fourth Saturday. In effect, that abrogated a guarantee of work-free Saturdays, which the government had promised in last summer's historic strike settlement. Solidarity's national commission wrangled for eleven hours before voting to accept the pact, which the final union communiqué coldly described as "falling far short of expectations."

Seeking to reassert his control over restive union locals, Walesa then embarked on a tour of some of the country's main trouble spots. He went first to the southern town of Rzeszow, near the Soviet border, where government representatives were meeting with some of the 300 farmers who have occupied a local government building for five weeks. Their key demand was legalization of Rural Solidarity, the independent farm union. Kania last week reiterated his opposition to the farm union as a potential instrument of "political struggle against the people's power." The supreme court is expected to endorse that view when it rules on Rural Solidarity's status this week.

Walesa's next stop was the southern textile center of Bielsko-Biala, where strikers demanding the ouster of corrupt local officials had shut down 120 factories and paralyzed most of the surrounding province since Jan. 27. At midweek the provincial governor and three deputies submitted their resignations, apparently clearing the way for a solution. But Premier Jozef Pinkowski refused to accept the resignations immediately. With that, the talks broke off abruptly.

Fearful of possible police action, Walesa threatened to launch a crippling nationwide strike "if force is used in Bielsko-Biala." Negotiations also collapsed in the southwestern city of Jelenia Gora, where union members were demanding, among other things, that a party-run resort be turned over to the workers. The Solidarity local there called a strike for this week, setting the stage for another dangerous showdown.

In a surprise move, the government met secretly in Warsaw with representatives of Solidarity and mediators from the Roman Catholic Church. A top-level government team flew off to Bielsko-Biala that night to resume talks with Walesa, local union leaders and Bishop Bronislaw Dabrowski. Shortly after 4 a.m. on Friday, the bishop entered the meeting hall of a local woolen mill and told the assembled strikers that an agreement had been reached. The hall erupted in cheers as jubilant workers hugged and kissed one another. The government had promised, among other things, to "consider" the proffered resignations immediately and to give the Bielsko-Biala workers full pay for the ten days they had been on strike.

Some Western analysts interpreted that capitulation as an attempt to gain time until a crucial Central Committee meeting, to be held this week, can adopt a clear-cut policy for dealing with the strikes. Others saw the move as a reflection of deep divisions within the party leadership. The hard-liners, led by Politburo Member Stefan Olszowski, are pushing for a sweeping crackdown; opposing them is a faction led by General Mieczyslaw Moczar that favors curbing Solidarity's demands by administrative means while eliminating the root causes of discontent through economic reforms. Bolder demands by Solidarity militants could force Kania into the hard-line camp.

Solidarity member gives clenched-fist salute

Demand for the ouster of corrupt officials.

Kania's room to maneuver is limited. He is under increasing pressure from other Communist bloc countries to bring the troublesome union to heel. Last week, for example, the official East German news agency accused Solidarity of raising "the flag of counterrevolution" and threatening Poland's "internationalist obligation" —meaning its membership in the Warsaw Pact. Those charges were echoed through the Soviet bloc, whose leaders are expected to meet in Moscow later this month. In addition to chiding Poland's recalcitrant workers, the propaganda barrage seemed to be telling the five-month-old Kania regime that the honeymoon was over and that his comrades now expected results. Fast.

—By Thomas A. Sancton. Reported by Richard Hornik/West Berlin and B. William Mader/Bonn

FRANCE

Giscard Battles a Slump

The President faces a tough re-election fight

Officially, the campaign does not begin until April 10. President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, indeed, has not even told his countrymen whether he intends to try for a second seven-year term. Yet France's presidential election was unmistakably under way last week. With a typically combative statement, Paris Mayor and neo-Gaullist Leader Jacques Chirac, 48, formally announced his candidacy and pledged to halt the "process of degradation" that he blamed on France's present leadership. In the Paris suburb of Créteil ten days earlier, 361 Socialist delegates had gathered in a sports arena to name their 64-year-old leader, François Mitterrand, the party's official standard-bearer, thus launching Mitterrand's third bid for the Elysée. Not to be outdone, Communist Leader Georges Marchais, 60, who has presidential ambitions of his own, lashed out at Giscard and Mitterrand with equal vigor.

Giscard's ambitions are no secret in Paris, even if his wife Anne-Aymone has tried to build suspense by telling interviewers that his retirement would give the family more time together. What is new is that the President is no longer considered a shoo-in. The Socialist-Communist Alliance's scorching defeat in the 1978 legislative elections, and the ensuing disarray within France's leftist opposition, had given the impression that Giscard could be re-elected without much effort. As recently as November, polls gave him 59% of the vote in a runoff against Mitterrand, a significant improvement over the paper-thin 50.8% majority with which he was elected in 1974. But the latest surveys show Giscard winning only around 30% in the first round, scheduled for April 26, and 50% to 52% in a second-round runoff against Mitterrand, his most likely final opponent.

The President's image has been tarnished not only by the whiff of scandal —to this day he has refused to respond to accusations that he received diamonds from former Central African Emperor Jean-Bédel Bokassa—but by the deterioration of the aura of technocratic competence that long marked his management of economic and foreign affairs. Unemployment has reached a new record of 1.6 million (6.9%), inflation is galloping along at an intractable 13.6%, and growth is virtually nil.

Giscard has been slow to react to the anti-Soviet mood that developed in France after Moscow's invasion of Afghanistan. Frenchmen still do not understand his surprise meeting with Soviet President Leonid Brezhnev in Warsaw last May. Giscard's failure to act more decisively to prevent the Libyan invasion of Chad last December has eroded much of the credit he won after sending French paratroopers to the threatened Shaba province of Zaïre in 1978.

The President has also come under fire for his monarchical style. In fact, Giscard's biggest problem may be that a seven-year term is simply too long, especially in a country in which the President exercises broad authority over aspects of life that range from the price of Métro tickets to nuclear defense. Whatever Giscard's failings, the prospect of a 14-year presidency has generated a combination of lassitude, frustration and second thoughts.

Mitterrand's strategy will be to take advantage of Giscard's weaknesses without calling attention to his own. "We are not under a dictatorship, but no longer quite in a republic," he warned somberly in his kickoff speech before 20,000 faithful at Paris' Porte de Versailles. "We live in a form of disguised monarchy that may no longer be constitutional."

But the Socialist leader studiously evades the most awkward question: With whom would he govern, now that the Socialist-Communist Alliance of the '70s is dead? Disingenuously, Mitterrand answers that if elected, he would call for new parliamentary elections and then form a coalition based on whatever majority emerges. He is deliberately vague because he must strike a delicate balance if he is to have any chance of winning. On the one hand, he needs Communist votes, especially in the runoff. On the other, he must appear reassuringly anti-Communist to the tiny but crucial bloc of middle-of-the-road voters who might be wooed away from Giscard.

The Communist Party is not making Mitterrand's task easy. Marchais has recently begun insisting that a Mitterrand government should include Communist ministers, a ploy meant to frighten moderate voters. Paradoxically, as in 1978, France's Moscow-oriented Communist Party feels less threatened by Giscard than by Mitterrand, whose avowed aim is to reduce Communist influence by strengthening the Socialist Party.

Chirac's candidacy, together with that of former Premier and De Gaulle Aide Michel Debré, 69, further complicates the race. Gaullists, who consider Giscard a usurper, will no doubt favor Chirac or Debré in the first round. Giscard's re-election may depend on how many return to the fold in a runoff against Mitterrand.

The incumbent President should be fully capable of reversing his present slump. He remains a master of radio and television, as he demonstrated two weeks ago in a smooth defense of his foreign policy on national television. A *Paris Match* poll conducted after that performance reflected a momentary gain of several percentage points in Giscard's first-round electoral chances. The President, moreover, is no doubt counting on French voters to follow a time-honored pattern: a brief flirtation with the left in the first ballot, followed by a rush to the center-right when it really counts.

—By Henry Muller/Paris

Covetous eye on the presidency: Paris Mayor Chirac (right) joins Giscard at a monument dedication last month

Fervent show of nationalism: mourners in León march in cortege for militia members killed in Honduran border skirmishes

NICARAGUA

Challenging the Sandinistas

Hard times ahead for a war-shattered country

When guerrillas of the Sandinista National Liberation Front swept to power in July 1979, hopes were high that the forces that had united to overthrow hated Dictator Anastasio Somoza would join together to rebuild the war-shattered country. That did not happen. The nine-member Sandinista directorate, which is the real political power behind the country's five-man governing junta, has angered Nicaragua's nonradical friends abroad by adopting a strongly pro-Cuban and pro-Soviet foreign policy. The Sandinistas have also alienated nearly all their onetime anti-Somoza allies at home by trying to impose one-party rule on the country. The regime must now choose whether to move toward the center and share power with other political groups, or to retain its hold on the country by force of arms. An impending U.S. decision on whether to end foreign aid to Nicaragua will have a critical effect on what direction the regime may take.

The Reagan Administration is angered by the Sandinistas' all too enthusiastic support for the leftist rebels in neighboring El Salvador. Documents reportedly captured last month from leftist guerrillas indicate that weapons were offered to El Salvador by the Soviet Union, its East European satellites, Viet Nam and Ethiopia. And as one U.S. official puts it, "All that stuff either came from the moon or it came through Nicaragua." A State Department task force is trying to determine the extent to which the regime is officially involved in the arms traffic. If it concludes that the Sandinistas abetted the shipments, it will invoke the so-called terrorist clause to cut off aid, which in 1980 amounted to $60 million.

Foreign aid is about all that has kept Nicaragua's economy going. Even with an estimated $450 million in aid and loans, the Nicaraguan economy ended last year completely bankrupt. Because of inflation, higher oil prices and lower aid levels, Nicaragua this year faces a potential $240 million balance of payments deficit. Exports of coffee and cotton may offer a temporary respite, but the future for agricultural production could be bleak; no new coffee bushes have been planted since 1979, and it takes at least three years for the plants to mature.

Because of the foreign-exchange squeeze and war disruptions, Nicaragua has a desperate shortage of spare parts. Decisions about economic priorities are either not being made or being made badly. Says a foreign economic observer in Managua: "You have a former guerrilla trying to decide between importing a drive shaft for a fishing boat, a tractor part, medicines or a Mercedes for his *commandante*. For somebody he will be making the wrong decision."

Diplomats in Managua are divided on whether Sandinistas would win an election today, but in fact there will be no elections until 1985 at the earliest. Peasants and workers have been largely unaffected by the Sandinistas' attempts to consolidate their eroding political base by imposing media censorship, harassing opposition parties and politicizing the security forces. The regime has also tried to stir up the populace by warning of "threats" from exiled forces in Honduras.

The Sandinistas' main opposition comes from Nicaragua's business community, which still controls about 60% of the economy, despite the nationalization of banks, some industry and some large agricultural holdings. The business leaders' powerful umbrella group, the Superior Council on Business (COSEP), has virtual veto power over matters concerning economic recovery. Says a foreign economic analyst in Managua: "If COSEP ever said this country is gone, don't give it any more foreign aid, there wouldn't be any more aid."

Businessmen have been wary of the Sandinistas since the leak last year of something called the 72-hour document. This clandestine paper described how a Marxist regime should tolerate a private sector only until the government was able to take over the economy and throw the capitalists out. Confiscations of land and factories by the government suggested to many business leaders that the Sandinistas took the document seriously.

The businessmen were further hardened against the regime after security forces last November shot to death Jorge Salazar, a popular, prominent businessman and COSEP member. The Sandinistas claim that Salazar was conspiring to overthrow the government, but business sources believe that he was framed in order to discredit the private sector.

The hostility is mutual. Though COSEP Director Enrique Dreyfus insists that his organization "is not a political party," the Sandinistas regard the business community as a distinct political threat. "COSEP is not a group of businessmen but a group of politicians," says Interior Minister Tomás Borge, a member of the Sandinista directorate. "They question the revolution. We're not refusing to talk to them. But what we will discuss is what role they can play within the revolution."

Since 60% of U.S. assistance to Nicaragua supports the private sector, an aid cutoff might well undermine the moderate, pro-democratic groups that the U.S. wants to encourage. It would also cost the U.S. its remaining leverage with the Nicaraguan regime and could give Sandinista hard-liners an excuse to end any pretense at political pluralism and turn even more openly to the Soviet Union and its allies for support. An American diplomat in Managua, fearing the results of an aid cutoff, cited an ominous parallel: "Twenty years ago in Cuba, we left no doors open. Here, there is a real chance that the Sandinistas might walk through such a door." But the Reagan Administration may decide that it is politically more important to give the Sandinistas an object lesson in the cost of supporting international terrorism. *—By Sara Medina. Reported by Roberto Suro/Washington and James Willwerth/Managua*

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SPAIN

A Shrewd King

Juan Carlos proves himself

It was King Juan Carlos' first official tour of Spain's volatile, autonomy-minded Basque country, and the reception was often only lukewarm, sometimes hostile. Security forces outnumbered the crowds nearly everywhere, and at most of their stops—from Vitoria to San Sebastián—the King and his wife, Queen Sofia, also had to endure the presence of angry Basque demonstrators, who were raising clenched-fist salutes and chanting anthems and slogans in their ancient language.

A turning point came at Guernica, the Basques' spiritual center. Thirty members of the militant *Herri Batasuna* Party loudly cut off the King's address with an old Basque fighting song. It took security guards ten minutes to subdue the demonstrators in an unseemly scene that was carried over national television. Clearly prepared for the outbreak, a composed Juan Carlos turned it to advantage. At one point he smiled mischievously, goading the protesters to sing louder. Then, with order restored, he took command with an eloquent gesture of national reconciliation. "Faced with those who practice intolerance of free expression, I reaffirm my faith in democracy and confidence in the Basque people," he told the cheering audience, and went on to legitimize nonviolent Basque nationalism.

The performance was vintage Juan Carlos: persuasive, a shade theatrical, and courageous. Most of his advisers had urged him not to make the trip in the first place. With the sudden resignation of Prime Minister Adolfo Suárez only the week before, the country was in the first political crisis of its democratic post-Franco era. No successor to Suárez had yet been named, mainly because the likely choice, Leopoldo Calvo-Sotelo, had failed to receive sufficient support from his party. But most Spaniards seemed confident. They knew that if an effective government emerged from the crisis, much of the credit would have to go to Juan Carlos. More than anyone else, he has been instrumental in shepherding Spain through its risky political transition.

Spaniards did not always have such confidence in Juan Carlos, a direct descendant of the Bourbon King Louis XIV and Queen Victoria. Once described as "the son Franco never had," Juan Carlos had been hand-picked by the Generalissimo as his heir for a modern Spain. With foresight Franco had instructed the future King that "you will have to manage in another way than I do." Yet, despite a reputation for libertarian ideals, Juan Carlos raised few expectations when he became King at age 37, two days after Franco's death. Indeed, political wags cynically dubbed the shy Commander of the Army "Juan Carlos the Brief."

Juan Carlos and Sofia in Guernica

Chanting anthems and invectives.

"The Shrewd" might have been more like it. Even before securing the throne, he had sent out feelers to exiled Communists and other leftists, inviting them to return and join the new system as long as they played by the rules. Yet he outmaneuvered the old *franquistas* as well by appointing a democratic-minded member of their establishment—Adolfo Suárez—to head his government. A personal friend, Suárez had impressed Juan Carlos by his ability to work within the bureaucracy. At the same time, as head of the armed forces, Juan Carlos maintained solid personal relations with the officer corps and thus minimized the threat of a military coup at every risky political turn.

Since Suárez's resignation, Juan Carlos has been hoping that the Prime Minister's Union of the Democratic Center Party might suspend its endemic infighting long enough to agree on a replacement by the time parliament begins its next session this week. Though right- and left-wing factions continued to bicker over the selection of Calvo-Sotelo, it was still probable he would be selected as the next Prime Minister. Meanwhile, the Socialist Party quietly tried to gain its own advantage. Last week there was speculation that the popular party leader Felipe González, 39, might formally propose a coalition government if the Democratic Center Party split grows any wider. Juan Carlos has made it clear that he would never block a Socialist or any other regime as long as it was democratically chosen. That is just one more sign that the King's hopes for Spanish democracy are far from brief. ■

THE PHILIPPINES

Sanitary Tour

Cleaning up the Pope's visit

"Nobody can use the Pope," said Bishop Antonio Fortich in the Philippine province of Negros Occidental last week. "Where a crisis exists, that's where the Holy Father should go." Nonetheless, a sugar-coated curtain seemed to be descending over the forthcoming visit of Pope John Paul II to the Philippines. Originally, the Pontiff planned to tour some of the more impoverished sections of the country. Yet President Ferdinand Marcos and his wife Imelda are desperately trying to keep the papal visit as sanitary as possible; some Philippine bishops had anticipated just such an attempt last year and wrote to the Pope urging him to cancel his trip to their country.

What the Pope will get in his Philippine visit, apparently, is a somewhat manicured tour. A design for an outdoor altar evoking fishermen's nets was interdicted by First Lady Imelda as too "poor." He had intended to visit a prison; the stop was deleted from his itinerary. He wanted to see a leper colony; instead, a small group of lepers will greet him in a Manila suburb. At the mountain resort of Baguio, John Paul will be entertained by a group of pagan tribespeople sporting G strings and spears. The Catholic tribespeople, who usually wear Western clothing and eschew spears, will be relegated to the background.

Perhaps the most blatant prettification will occur in Manila itself, where John Paul is scheduled to tour Tondo, a slum that is being hastily and intensely renovated. Yet should John Paul choose to step beyond the prescribed bounds, he will find a grimy row of shanties just two blocks away. Despite these obstacles, Jaime Cardinal Sin of Manila is certain that the Pope will somehow make contact with his country's poor. Says the Cardinal: "He wants to come and console these people."

If nothing else, the Pope's visit will serve to regularize a number of informal liaisons among Filipino believers. Father Melchor Dano, pastor of a parish in Tondo, last month performed a mass wedding for 36 couples who had been living in sin. He followed that with a mass baptism for their children—so that all concerned could greet the Pope as bona fide Catholics. ■

Imelda Marcos

Pope John Paul

A Farewell to the Future That Was

The '70s are gone, and where is their typical art? Nobody seems to know. Everyone still knows what the art of the '60s looked like. It looked like Claes Oldenburg's giant Mickey Mouse, like Andy Warhol's cans or Roy Lichtenstein's enlarged comic strips. Such pieces now have a period air of things meant to be consumed quickly—EAT ME! as the lettering on Alice's cake read. They constitute an art of rapid memorable icons that expected to be assimilated and exhausted in quick bursts, as indeed they were.

The art of the '70s had no such homogeneous "look." It was not a decade for movements. Movements belonged to the '60s: op, pop, color-field, minimalism and so on. By 1975 all the isms were wasms. The '70s were pluralistic; every kind of art suddenly found room to coexist. The idea of a "mainstream," beloved of formalist criticism in the '60s, vanished into the sand: "At last the Dodo said, '*Everybody* has won, and *all* must have prizes.' " And although the decade produced its meed of good art, some very interesting indeed, the most striking thing to happen was agreement on a level below the art itself: that modernism, which had been the cultural bedrock of Europe and America for 100 years, was over, and in the course of becoming a period style. As Art Critic Hilton Kramer put it in a deservedly influential essay in 1972, we are at the end of "the Age of the Avant-Garde."

By 1979 the idea of the avant-garde had gone. This sudden metamorphosis of one of the popular clichés of art criticism into an unword took a great many people by surprise. For those who still believed that art had some practical revolutionary function, it was as baffling as the evaporation of the American radical left after 1970. But ideas exist for as long as people use them, and by 1976 "avant-garde" was a useless concept: social reality and actual behavior had rendered it obsolete. The ideal—social renewal by cultural challenge—had lasted 100 years, and its vanishing marked the end of an entire relationship, eagerly sought but not attained, of art to life.

COURTAULD INSTITUTE GALLERIES, LONDON

Manet's *Bar at the Folies-Bergère*, 1882

Where did it begin? The idea of a cultural avant-garde was unimaginable before 1800. It was fostered by the rise of the European bourgeoisie and its liberal beliefs. In the 19th century, instead of seeing the work of one artist selected as an exemplary voice by king or pontiff, one could go to the salon and there find a veritable Babel of competing images, styles and manners. Within certain limits, the burden of aesthetic choice—what one preferred to look at and judge superior as art—was put more directly on the salon visitor than it had ever been on a churchgoer looking at the parish Last Judgment. The salon encouraged comparison; the commissioned work, belief. The bourgeois audience did not invent the salon (the first one was held under the auspices of the Académie Royale in 1667). But the middle class did create the permissions within which the salon's artistic variety could ferment and nourish an avant-garde.

The bourgeoisie, butt and nominal enemy of the avant-garde, was also its main audience. Everyone knows of the cloud of scandal and abuse that burst on the impressionists in the 1870s. But who became the audience for Monet's and Renoir's work? None other than the children of its original bourgeois mockers, for whom those idyllic, light-soaked pastoral vistas became a landscape of the mind, a terrestrial paradise. Impressionism was created by the middle class for the middle class, as surely as rococo *boiseries* were made by craftsmen for aristocrats. In turn, collectors raised on impressionism might jeer at the fauve Matisses in 1905, but their children would not. And so it went, the audience usually a generation behind the art but rarely more, down the historical line to the point where, around 1970, the middle-class audience finally enfolded every aspect of "advanced" art in its embrace. The newness of a work of art thus became one of the conditions of its acceptability. Compared with the indignities art had to suffer under Marxist and Nazi governments, the incomprehensions of the various middle classes from the time of Napoleon III onward were the merest tickling. They were the withholding of favors, or at worst a witless, jeering philistinism, but not forced exile or the Gulag.

The first representative avant-garde painter, in the full sense of the word, who offered both newness and confrontation was Gustave Courbet (1819-77). In Courbet, the committed socialist and the determined materialist, the image of the artist-against-the-system was, in every sense, rounded out. Aspects of his art that we glide over inattentively today seemed threatening to his audience. He was, accordingly, thought to be either a primitive or a revolutionary, or both.

Courbet relished this reputation: "I am the first and unique artist of this century. The others are students and drivelers." No artist, up to then, had ever set himself so firmly against the reigning taste of his day, and none since Jacques-Louis David had had a stronger sense of political mission. Moreover, unlike the great salon artists who went before him, Courbet was capable of lavishing enormous trouble on a work doomed to unsalability, since it had no comprehensible message: this was his masterpiece, *The Studio of the Artist*, 1855, which he subtitled "a real allegory, setting forth a span of seven years of my artistic life." But although he changed the history of art, his effect on the history of social stress was negligible. The struggles between left and right in France up to Courbet's death in 1877 would have turned out very much the same whether he had painted or not. For art does not act directly on politics in the way that the *engagé* wing of the avant-garde, from Courbet onward, expected it to do. All it can do is provide examples of radical feeling and models of dissent, unless it simply wishes to confirm the status quo.

Nevertheless, the idea of a fusion between radical art and radical politics, of art as a direct means of social subversion and reconstruction, has haunted the avant-garde since Courbet's time. On the face of it, it has a kind of logic. By changing the language of art, you affect the modes of thought; and by changing thought, you change life. The history of the avant-garde up to 1930 was suffused with various, ultimately futile, calls to revolutionary action and moral renewal. They were all formed by the belief that painting and sculpture were still the pri-

mary, dominant forms of social speech that they had been 80 years before. In uttering them, some brilliant talents of the avant-garde condemned themselves to self-deception about the limits of their art. Though it hardly alters their aesthetic achievement, it makes the legend of their deeds seem inflated.

One is used to reading how the Dadaists in Zurich during World War I struck alarm into the hearts of the Swiss burghers with their antic cabaret turns in the Café Voltaire, their sound-poems and chance-collages. But their real impact on Zurich was negligible, scarcely a ruffle on the lake, in contrast to the importance that the Dada wood reliefs of Jean Arp have since assumed within the history of art. Even when Dada was politicized after the war, its actual effect on German politics was nil, and its impact on radical thought probably much smaller than the modernist legend would have us think.

The only avant-garde movement in our century that can be shown to have had some formative effect on politics, and even that is debatable, acted on the right, not on the left. It was futurism, whose ideas and rhetoric (rather than the works of art actually painted by Balla, Severini or Boccioni) bodied forth some of the mythology of Italian Fascism. The futurist ethos expressed by Marinetti before World War I, with its cult of speed, male potency, antifeminism and violent struggle, supplied the oratorical framework for Mussolini's rise to power and set the stage for his appearance. But this may say no more than that the impact of technology on the more febrile nationalist-romantic minds of Italy produced remarkably similar effusions, in art as in politics.

As for the tragic fate of the Russian avant-garde: the group of artists and artisans known as the constructivists wanted to change their country through art and design, creating not just a style but a new "rational" man. All the conditions in which art can be politically effective—illiteracy, no mass media, belief in icons and so forth—were there in Russia; and yet the efforts of this supremely gifted nucleus of artists was snuffed out, by 1930, by Stalin.

Artistic avant-gardes wither in totalitarian regimes, whether of the left or the right. The collective efforts of the constructivists Rodchenko, Lissitzky, Tatlin and the rest were only possible, one may surmise, because they did not realize how totalitarian Leninism actually was. Oligarchs, whether collective or single, dislike the very idea of avant-garde art because it creates new elites. As Ortega y Gasset remarked, its first effect is to divide; it splits the audience into those who understand it and those who do not. This cleavage does not necessarily run along political lines, and so it may not conform to the existing layers of power. The art of exception stands to its small audience of exception rather like a sacred text; its obscurity binds the coterie to the artist, as pupils are bound to priests. Slowly a sect crystallizes.

To seek such an audience, to think of it as the normal and proper one for avant-garde art, was to take a step back from the ideal of the artist as Public Man that had been embodied in Courbet's career. It meant running for the constituency of the exception and the misfit, not the majority. One main strand of the avant-garde, as it developed in the 19th century and bequeathed its composition to the 20th, hated crowds and democracy, wished to absent itself from the political agora, and stood on its own rights to develop in what Joyce was to call "silence, exile and cunning." It asked the question: Could one create anything at all out of democratic communion with one's age?

The realism of a Flaubert, a Manet, a Degas thought not. This kind of realism was expository, not didactic. It did not aim to show things as they might be—the argument of political art—but as they actually were. Its model, often invoked by Flaubert, was the objective procedure of scientific thought, and its aim was to produce a perfectly limpid art in which the world would be mirrored. There is everything in common between the relentless detail in which the boredom and pointlessness of Emma Bovary's life was built up, and the minutely articulated jumble of reflections behind the blank-faced *nana* in Manet's *Bar at the Folies-Bergère*, 1882. Both works, in a sense, point forward to the "objective," molecular constellations of dabbed light from which Seurat assembled his figures on the speckled lawn of the Grande Jatte. If the origins of one aspect of the avant-garde lie with Courbet, those of the other are to be found in Manet: in detachment and irony, art contemplates its nature as a language, without hope of changing the world. The quest for formal perfection and the renewal of visual speech are enough.

From 1880 on, much advanced art would be more gratuitous, relativistic, ironic and self-sufficient (in the sense of its indifference to the traditional social aims of painting or sculpture) than it had ever been. The very idea of avant-garde activity was of something "special," open to small coteries of people who needed to know a lot of other art in order to appreciate the subtleties of the New. Modern art looked esoteric because it was. To see how a cubist Braque or Picasso from 1911 connected to the realities of modern life, with its quick shuttle of multiple viewpoints, its play between solids and transparency, its odd tensions between signs, letters and numbers on the one hand and extreme painterly ambiguity on the other, demanded the kind of sympathetic attention that very few people were prepared to give.

LOUVRE, PARIS

From Courbet's *The Studio of the Artist*, 1855

This change is not imaginable without the intellectual permissions and opportunities for irony given to bourgeois artists by a bourgeois society. Under such a dispensation, art claimed the same rights as the sciences that Flaubert took as a literary model: in particular, the right not to be understood too quickly or by too many. Unpopularity and marginality —"uselessness"—gave the new work of art a chance to develop its resonances before it faced the full stress of public inspection.

In the past 30 years, vanguard art seems to have lost its "political" role. At the same time, although we still have lots of art—a stream of it, feeding an apparently insatiable market and providing endless opportunities for argument, exegesis and comparison—painting and sculpture have ceased to act with the urgency that was once part of the modernist contract. They change, but their changing no longer seems as important as it did in 1900, or 1930, or even 1960. When one speaks of the end of modernism, one does not invoke a sudden historical terminus. Histories do not break off clean, like a glass rod; they fray, stretch and come undone, like rope. There was no specific year in which the Renaissance ended; but it did end, although culture is still permeated with the active remnants of Renaissance thought.

So it is with modernism, only more so, because we are much closer to it. Its reflexes still jerk, the severed limbs twitch; the parts are still there, but they no longer connect or function as a live whole. The modernist achievement will continue to affect culture for another century at least, because it was large, so imposing and so irrefutably convincing. But its dynamic is gone, and our relationship to it is becoming archaeological. Picasso is no longer a contemporary, or a father figure; he is a remote ancestor, who can inspire admiration but not opposition. The age of the New, like that of Pericles, has entered history.

—By Robert Hughes

Drawn from his newly published book The Shock of the New *(Knopf; $29.95).*

Fighting Off Old Age

A theory that exercise and positive thinking really work

Ronald Reagan, say gerontologists, may do for old age what Henry VIII did for divorce. Not that the new President, who turned 70 last week, is about to lavish money on septuagenarian lobbyists, the Gray Panthers or age researchers. Those researchers, in fact, consider themselves prime targets for Reagan's budget cutting. The gerontologists, rather, think Reagan may actually help retard the rate of aging among senior citizens simply by remaining active and competent. Reason: after decades of work in the field, researchers have concluded that warding off old age is in large part a matter of self-image, positive thinking and staying active. Says Jack Botwinick, a psychologist and the author of *Aging and Behavior:* "There's a general feeling that people could have a self-fulfilling prophecy of decline. By keeping active they'll hang on longer."

Part of the problem, say the researchers, is the chilling power that certain numbers have come to possess: to many Americans, 65 means used up; 70 or 75 means ready for death. Yet today's 65-year-olds can expect to live 16 more years. In sports too, numbers have some of the same paralyzing power. A baseball player is considered old at 35, a basketball guard at 30. Athletic skills clearly erode with time just as everyday physical capabilities inevitably decline after, say, 65, but some researchers think that even in sports aging is nearly as much mental as physical. A baseball star, knowing that most players are washed up at 35 or 36, begins to expect a decline and helps produce it by a lack of concentration. Yet highly motivated athletes can keep their skills longer. Philadelphia Phillies First Baseman Pete Rose, who will be 40 in April, is still going strong. Quarterback George Blanda played pro football at age 48, and at age 52, Gordie Howe played pro hockey on the same team as his two sons.

Dr. James Fries of the Stanford University Medical Center talks of shifting the "markers" of age in much the same way that Rose talks about rejuvenating himself each spring: exercise plus an upbeat attitude equal success. At Stanford's arthritis clinic, says Fries, "I tell patients to exercise—use it or lose it. 'Run, not rest' is the new advice of the cardiologist."

Most progress in medicine, Fries maintains, has come from exchanging acute medical problems for chronic ones. For instance, people who might once have died from diseases such as smallpox and tuberculosis now live long enough to develop chronic ailments like atherosclerosis and emphysema. Since we are running out of acute problems to "exchange," Fries says, the job of medical researchers is to keep the steady decay of organs at a low level, and the task of everybody is to work at postponing or reducing the severity of their chronic problems—giving up smoking to delay emphysema, for example, or treating hypertension to delay problems with the arteries. Regular checkups are necessary to detect early signs of disease, and exercise is crucial. "The body is now felt to rust out rather than wear out," says Fries. Every organ has a reserve capacity that declines gradually. "If loss of reserve function represents aging in some sense, then exercising an organ presents a strategy for modifying the aging process."

DRAWING BY GEO. PRICE, © 1976 THE NEW YORKER MAGAZINE INC.

"It's amazing. After ninety-three years of carrying on, his chickens still haven't come home to roost."

That includes the brain. Fries thinks that memory loss can be successfully resisted by memory-training techniques and that mental agility in old age comes from giving the brain regular workouts. "You can't fight the trend entirely," he says, "but within the envelope of human potential, you can greatly slow that progress toward the end." Estimates are that 10% of Americans over age 65 show some signs of senility. According to a task force sponsored by the National Institute on Aging, some of this deterioration—perhaps 10% or 20%—can be cured if caught early enough. Says K. Warner Schaie, director of the Gerontology Research Institute at the University of Southern California: "We find that people who have been very active and involved in life tend to maintain their intellectual functions."

Senile dementia, a degenerative organic brain disorder, of which a major type is Alzheimer's disease, is not much affected by positive thinking, but some doctors think that quicker treatment may cut the rate of the disorder. Psychologist Botwinick, co-investigator in a study of the early stages of senility, says families waste too much time fretting and trying to cope before calling in a doctor. "By the time a doctor sees an Alzheimer's patient, that patient is pretty far along. Getting to him early may make a big difference."

Genetics, socioeconomic status and luck all help determine who will live to a ripe old age. So does education, according to one theory. Sociologist George Maddox, director of the Center for the Study of Aging and Human Development at Duke University, argues that education "is associated with the notion of taking hold of the future in a special way, and it leads people to organize their lives differently." If that theory is correct, then rising national levels of education may mean that tomorrow's elderly will have an easier time of it than today's.

One of the elderly who fit the gerontologist's prescription of peppy indomitability is Al Beatty, 87, a retired railroad man living alone in a trailer in the Riviera Mobile Park in Scottsdale, Ariz. Beatty is legally blind and partially deaf, but he manages to keep a full daily schedule, dances whenever he can, and about four years ago started to teach a workshop in personal development to the elderly at the Scottsdale Senior Center. "It's the ones who don't conform to the stereotype of the elderly who live the longest," says Rosemary Perry, director of Beatty's center. Though she has not read about Dr. Fries' ideas, she manages to express them well enough: "You may have a chronic illness and have to get to bed earlier. But it's not the end of the world. It's just a slowdown." —*By John Leo. Reported by Barbara Bionarz Dolan/New York*

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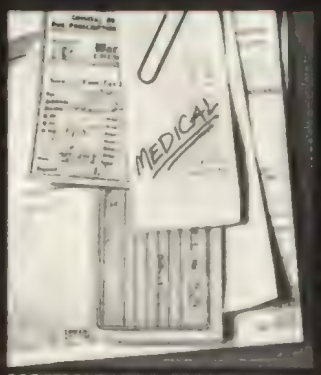

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M.D. Suicides

Some crack under the strain

William Garcia was a successful California anaesthesiologist when his life began to disintegrate at 40. He had a serious automobile accident, then marital problems surfaced, leading him and his wife to separation and divorce. Feeling depressed and guilty, Garcia turned to drugs. He checked into a psychiatric hospital in Arizona but stayed only six weeks before returning to California—and to drugs. Although he managed to keep practicing medicine, his professional reputation suffered. At 42, totally strung out on narcotics and with his career in ruins, Garcia checked into a motel and deliberately overdosed on heroin.

Garcia's suicide attempt failed. But each year a disturbing number of physicians do manage to kill themselves. Accurate statistics are hard to come by because many suicides go unreported, but different experts estimate that from 36 to 77 of every 100,000 physicians die by their own hand every year, at least three times the rate for the population at large. Put another way, almost as many doctors commit suicide annually—upwards of 130—as graduate from Harvard Medical School. Of all professionals, doctors may be the most self-destructive.* Says Garcia, now on the staff of Los Angeles' Suicide Prevention Center: "With the statistics the way they are for physicians, I feel very fortunate to have made it."

Although blessed with challenging work, social position and comparative wealth, doctors contend with long hours and the knowledge that a single mistake can maim, disable or even kill. These pressures often carry over into their personal lives. Says Los Angeles Psychiatrist Robert Litman: "By and large, doctors are not good, steady companions. They're good providers but lousy lovers."

Medicine appears to attract personalities especially vulnerable to stress. Says Litman: "It draws workaholics, overly conscientious people who take failure poorly, and idealists, who are frequently disappointed during their careers." Compounding the problem is the feeling of omnipotence that many doctors develop after they save their first lives. Later on, this can make it difficult for them to admit they need help. "They believe themselves to be omnipotent," says Litman, "semideities in a white smock." Finally, doctors have easy access to drugs. Says Psychologist Louis Wekstein of Boston's Tufts University: "Psychotherapy is almost a last resort. They've exhausted their own knowledge and used every strategy—such as minor tranquilizers and alcohol."

Surgeons and other specialists in frequent contact with suffering or dying patients tend to have very high suicide rates; obstetricians, radiologists and pediatricians have lower ones. The most suicidal, perhaps, are psychiatrists. Explains Psychiatrist Jerome Motto of the University of California in San Francisco: "What makes a person a good psychiatrist can be a double-edged sword. A high degree of sensitivity is necessary, but psychiatrists without psychological toughness suffer when exposed to a patient's miseries."

Typically, the strains of medicine are felt most acutely after ten to 15 years. Early signs of distress are extramarital affairs and physical upsets, including insomnia and diarrhea. Some suicidal physicians may also avoid social contact, draw up wills or make unexpected gifts. Says U.C.L.A. Thanatologist Edwin Shneidman: "If a colleague offers you his prized microscope, you might want to sit down with him and try to identify his problem."

Alarmed by medicine's casualties, the American Medical Association and the American Psychiatric Association have launched a joint study of these suicides. Professional organizations are intensifying efforts to reach troubled physicians. The California Medical Association, for example, urges doctors to call a hot line for counseling. The group also runs weekend workshops for physicians and their spouses on how to cope with stress. Such programs have had some success but are limited because doctors are reluctant patients. Says Wekstein: "We have to teach them that they are not just doctors but also human beings." ■

*Others with high suicide rates include dentists, lawyers and police officers

Garcia in his Los Angeles clinic

Workaholics who take failure poorly.

Capsules

SUPPORT FOR SECOND OPINIONS

Should people seek out second opinions before elective surgery? Last December a Blue Cross study of a small group of volunteers suggested that second opinions might even increase the number of operations. These findings were contradicted last week by the most thoroughly documented report so far. Its conclusion: second opinions can save money and spare people surgery they probably do not need.

The study was conducted by a team led by Dr. Eugene McCarthy of New York Hospital–Cornell Medical Center, who pioneered the use of second opinions in 1972. Since then, 6,799 members of nine labor unions in the New York City area had to see a second doctor if they wanted their health insurance plans to pay for operations. In 19% of the cases, would-be patients got negative second opinions, and nearly two-thirds of them did not have surgery. Among the procedures frequently deemed unnecessary: bunion removal, hysterectomies, prostate surgery and knee operations. Judging by the experience of one union's health fund, every $1 spent for fees and administrative expenses in the program should save $2.63 in sick pay and hospital costs. Says McCarthy: "Every time a person was referred for a second opinion, the sponsoring fund saved $145."

A POX ON CHICKEN POX

Chicken pox is not a severe threat to most children, but it can be fatal to newborns and to thousands of youngsters whose natural immunity has been weakened by chemotherapy for diseases such as leukemia. Until recently, the only protection against chicken pox was an antiserum derived from the blood of patients recovering from the virus, since antibody levels are unusually high during convalescence. Locating such people is costly and difficult, so supplies were always scarce.

Now researchers at Massachusetts Public Health Biological Laboratories have found a way to screen out and concentrate chicken pox antibodies from the blood of healthy people. The procedure is similar to that used to extract gamma globulin for treatment of those exposed to rabies and hepatitis. Called VZIG, for Varicella-Zoster Immune Globulin, after the virus that causes chicken pox and shingles, the antiserum became available through the American Red Cross blood centers last week. The first supplies will go to vulnerable newborns and children with leukemia or weakened immune systems; a dosage provides immunity for about six weeks. But VZIG is not being recommended for all children. Pediatricians still believe the best way to develop a lifelong immunity to chicken pox is to get it, itching, scratching and all. ■

Climbers trying the Passage des Echelles on Mont Blanc, recorded by the Bisson brothers in 1862 on a 10-in. by 16-in. negative

Feathery still life; Victor Hugo in exile

Photography

The Sense of a Magic New Gift

In New York, an exhibition of 19th century French pioneers

There she lies: a traditional reclining nude, very like Ingres's *La Grande Odalisque*, the body blandly composed, smooth, supernaturally white. But the feet are unclassically dirty from padding around a grimy atelier. The model's face, half turned toward the camera, wears an unsettling tigerish expression. In another picture, black-clad climbers struggle up the snowy folds of Mont Blanc looking like a necklace of chocolate chips dropped into a vanilla sundae. Meanwhile, journalistic history is displayed in a set of pictures and captions from the first interview ever recorded (in 1886) for both eye and ear. The cameramen-interviewers are Gaspard-Félix Tournachon, who worked under the single professional name Nadar, and his son Paul. Their subject is Michel-Eugène Chevreul, an elderly scientist and expert on the theory of color mixing. Visible in some frames: a tubular machine that recorded Chevreul's words to be set alongside his facial expressions in the Paris weekly *Journal Illustré*. In one picture he is saying: "I must make you see. I want to make you see because it is when I see that I believe."

Chevreul's point is made splendidly and often in *After Daguerre: Masterworks of French Photography*, a show transplanted from the Petit Palais in Paris to New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art. There is still a tendency to think of photography mainly as a 20th century phenomenon, with only a handful of notable pioneers in the 19th—in France, Nadar himself; in England, Julia Margaret Cameron, master of brooding portraits and symbolic tableaux, Mathew Brady, engraving the Civil War on the mind of America. *After Daguerre* is a rich reminder that though photographers, still hobbled by glacially slow exposures, were dabbling with developing techniques like medieval alchemists, photography in France was about to flower by the early 1850s, as soon as it became possible to make many prints easily from a single negative.

The show's nearly 200 photographs, chosen from more than 100,000 that were deposited for copyright purposes in the Bibliothèque Nationale in the years from 1848 to 1900, reach out toward the world in familiar and often contemporary ways. They include the equivalents of snapshots and salon portraits, multiple exposures to analyze the flight of pigeons and the strides of men, romanticized landscapes and still lifes clearly derived from painting, as well as reportage on everything from war to travel and exploration, from Mont Blanc to the Crimea to the Nile. A photographic task force was even commissioned by the French government to rove the country photographing historic monuments (rather like Roy Stryker's famous teams in the U.S. during the 1930s Depression). One of the finest results is a highly abstract portrait of a row of flying buttresses at Rheims Cathedral, shot in diminishing perspective by Henri Le Secq.

French Painter Paul Delaroche was

Photographs from Bibliotheque Nationale

Formal portrait of Eugène Delacroix in 1860; F.J. Moulin's daring nude of an artist's model named Amélie

a bit premature when he exclaimed, on seeing his first photograph, "From today painting is dead!" All it did to Delaroche's contemporaries was put a lot of second-rate portrait painters out of business. Many promptly became portrait photographers, along with dozens of tinkerers, clerks and marginal entrepreneurs who sensed that with very little talent or capital a man might grow rich out of this provocative medium. In vain did the poet Lamartine dismiss photography as a "chance invention" that is "only a plagiarism of nature through a lens." Frenchmen, at least those who could afford to, had been paying up to 500 francs to have meticulous portraits done in oils. Now anyone could have as many likenesses of himself or his loved ones as he wanted, in short order and for only a few francs.

The show is full of faces, most of them unknown to history, that stare gravely at the magic box. Nobody has taught them to smile, it being unwise at the time to risk even that much motion for fear of blurring. The famous are equally grave. Ingres, photographed in dappled light at age 75, looks young and full of energy. Verlaine communes with his pernod in a café. Delacroix looks disapproving, a man with a face like a clenched fist who seems too tense ever to have dashed off those lovely, free-flowing watercolors in Morocco. Victor Hugo, in exile on the island of Guernsey for criticizing Napoleon III, poses against a neutral studio backdrop like some distinguished provincial doctor. Even revolutionary Painter Gustave Courbet is present, seen full length in one of the popular new photographic *cartes de visites*, in shirtsleeves and tamping down his pipe, his gnarled Jean Valjean face and butcher's forearms perfectly appropriate to the apostle of sweaty naturalism. The genius who invented the *carte de visite*, an Italian clothier's son who went by the name André-Adolphe-Eugène Disdéri, was soon turning out 2,000 prints a day at ten francs apiece. By 1861 Disdéri was justly celebrated as "the richest photographer in the world."

Early photography seems most wanting when it slavishly copies the conventions of painting—in still lifes and trompe l'oeil drapery. Painting requires an eye and a hand, photography only an eye. There is almost a labor theory of value that enhances a viewer's pleasure in a painted still life, a sense of awe at the painter's skill and patience in counterfeiting the frosty glaze of glassware, the glow of an uncurling lemon peel. No photograph can induce the same feeling.

Milan cathedral looms romantically beyond mean streets, 1861

Many pictures in *After Daguerre*, however, convey a sense of joy in the world, a delight in vision as if it were some magic new gift, which painting had lost and would not acquire again until the triumph of impressionism. In a picture labeled simply *The Hound "Balliveau,"* no pains have been taken with composition. The subject is tied to a barn wall. To see the picture, though, is to brood on the look of this ungainly dog as if a new species had just been invented. And in the best landscapes by Gustave Le Gray, one can almost see the air. It is as if the slow exposure required by the technology of the time made the acquisitive glance of the camera's eye not a click, but a long, slow, indrawn vision of the world, burning the image lovingly into an almost personal memory. The first society of photography in Paris was called La Societe Héliographique because the light of the sun collaborated in the exposure of film. Its motto says all that can be said for photography: "Nothing is so beautiful as the truth; but one must choose it." —*By Timothy Foote*

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Alaska's Most Unpopular Couple

Their challenge held up a $300 million payout to residents

It was the best news for taxpayers anywhere in overtaxed America. Thanks to levies on all the oil being pumped out of Alaska's North Slope, the state had piled up huge excess revenues. Last year the legislature passed two bills doling out $300 million of it to most of Alaska's 457,000 residents in the form of repeals and rebates of state income taxes and earnings from an oil royalty fund. Cause for jubilation among all Alaskans, right?

Not quite. Patricia and Ron Zobel of Anchorage, both lawyers, felt that the legislation favored oldtimers ("sourdoughs") over newcomers ("cheechakos"), thus violating the equal protection clauses of the federal and state constitutions. Seeking a fairer allocation, they filed a suit that brought the giveaway to a dead halt. Predictably, cheechakos and sourdoughs alike turned on the Zobels with the fury of one of the state's fierce Taku winds.

ZOBELS DROP DEAD, said the mildest of several bumper stickers that blossomed around the state. The couple was reviled on talk shows and received hate mail, bomb threats and late-night nuisance calls. After KIMO-TV Commentator Herb Shaindlin learned that Patricia, 32, was pregnant, he told his audience: "It's nice to know that Ron is doing to her what he's been doing to the rest of us." Says Patricia, who works for a highly regarded local firm: "People are so hateful without really knowing me. It affects everything I do, from writing checks in a supermarket to making reservations at a restaurant." Adds Ron, 36, an attorney with a public interest law firm: "The reaction has only demonstrated the need to challenge head-on this xenophobia and greed."

DANIELS—ANCHORAGE TIMES

Ron and Patricia Zobel and a bumper sticker they inspired

One law they challenged repealed state income tax for anyone who had filed returns for three years, a provision that took in 70% of all filers. It reduced the tax bill for the remaining 30% in proportion to the number of years they had filed. The scheme was to become permanent so that new residents who flooded the state during booms—like the one that marked the construction of the Alaska pipeline—would bear more of the tax burden. The second law was intended to pay out $100 million in earnings from an oil-revenue fund in ways even more favorable to sourdoughs. People over 18 were to receive $50 annually for each year of residence since 1959, the year Alaska became a state.

The Alaska Supreme Court last September agreed that it was discriminatory to tax only those Alaskans who had filed returns for fewer than three years. Consequently, later that month, the legislature revised the repeal-and-rebate law. The new version repeals income taxes for everyone and gives refunds to those who paid 1979 and 1980 taxes. As for the other law, the court approved it, noting that it was fair compensation for the harsh conditions and high prices endured by earlier settlers. Unappeased, the Zobels promptly got a stay of this second decision from the U.S. Supreme Court, which has put the $100 million windfall on hold while it reviews the matter.

The Zobels are cheechakos, having moved up from Spokane in 1978, so they are open to the charge of sour grapes. Of Ron, a letter writer to the Anchorage *Daily News* said: "We made his comfortable life possible here. Now he feels cheated, because he isn't being given a free ride." The Zobels insist that their stand is based solely on legal principle and that, despite the abuse they have suffered, they remain committed Alaskans with no plans to leave. Says Ron: "Alaska's attitude toward new residents is its peculiar civil rights problem." ■

Education

Lau and Order

Bell's knell for bilingual rules

The goal, Secretary of Education Terrel Bell explained last week, was "to telegraph a message of change to the American people." Bell's zinging telegram: his department is withdrawing the regulations proposed last August requiring public schools to give bilingual instruction to children deficient in English. Bell, who served as U.S. Commissioner of Education under Gerald Ford, called the regulations an unwarranted Federal Government "intrusion on state and local responsibility." And he went beyond that to offer a blistering attack on the regulations as a symbol of the bloated Federal Government. The rules, he concluded, were "harsh, inflexible, burdensome, unworkable and incredibly costly."

There are now more than 3.5 million schoolchildren in the nation whose native language is not English. About 10% of them participate in federally supported bilingual programs at a current cost to the Treasury of $167 million a year. These programs, fashioned by local school districts, are not affected by Bell's ruling. But many school districts prefer intensive instruction in English as a second language to bilingual education, and they strongly objected to the proposed bilingual requirement.

Terrel Bell

Bell's declaration does ensure that in the future school districts will be able to choose just how to overcome English language deficiencies. Schools that use federal funds have had to make at least some effort toward that end since 1974. At that time the U.S. Supreme Court ruled, in *Lau* vs. *Nichols*, that attempts to breach language barriers are required by the equal opportunity provisions of the Civil Rights Act. Ironically, the regulations Bell rolled back were initially proposed by his predecessor, Shirley Hufstedler, to clear up confusion over 1975 guidelines that attempted to explain just what kind of special instruction the Lau case required. Until Bell can get around to redefining all that, the old, confusing 1975 guidelines will be in effect. ■

Boxing Promoter Harold J. Smith spent lavishly

The former heavyweight champ at home in Los Angeles last week

Economy & Business

The Wells Fargo Stickup

Boxing's biggest promoter is charged in a $21 million computer swindle

It was a bank heist bigger than the Brink's job, but the bandits used no guns or getaway cars. Rather than being fast on the draw, they had fast fingers on computer keyboards. The Wells Fargo Bank of San Francisco last week filed suit charging that a group of boxing promoters and a key accomplice inside the bank had pulled off a colossal $21 million embezzlement. The alleged sting was by far the largest computer bank fraud in history and raised some troubling questions: How could such an unlikely ring of conspicuous sports personalities so easily rob a multibillion-dollar bank? How vulnerable is the banking industry to a wave of similar computer capers now that punch cards and print-outs have replaced ledger books?

The central figure in the affair is Harold Smith, 37, who has already been dubbed "the black Jesse James" by Don King, a rival boxing impresario. Virtually unknown two years ago, Smith suddenly burst onto the boxing scene in 1979 flashing mysteriously huge sums of cash As chairman of Muhammad Ali Professional Sports (MAPS), he became almost overnight the leading big-time fight promoter. One of the members of the MAPS board of directors is Benjamin Lewis, 47, who until three weeks ago was an operations officer at a Beverly Hills branch of Wells Fargo and had authority to use the bank's computers

Wells Fargo contends that the two men and associates illegally withdrew a total of $21 million from that Beverly Hills branch and one in Santa Monica, where MAPS had deposits. Wells Fargo officials refuse to reveal how the scheme was accomplished, except to say that it involved elaborate computer transfers of money over at least the past year into 13 accounts controlled by MAPS

Despite his name on the firm's front door, Muhammad Ali is not involved in the scam. But he admits that he received at least $10,000 for the use of his name for each fight. Said Ali last week: "If you're looking for something dirty or crooked, you're looking in the wrong place. Me a bank robber? Are you kidding?"

Smith and Lewis allegedly first made a series of legitimate deposits in the bank, some in excess of $500,000. That was done so that bank officials would not become suspicious later when MAPS began transferring large sums of money. Then someone working for Wells Fargo, purportedly Lewis, began to type bogus instructions into a computer terminal, perhaps transferring money from other deposits into the MAPS accounts. When Smith later started making large withdrawals, he attracted no notice. After all, he was a lord of the boxing rings and regularly paid fighters six-figure purses. Three weeks ago, however, the ruse unraveled. During some routine accounting work, a bank employee spotted serious irregularities in the records and sounded the alarm. Before the investigation picked up steam, both Smith and Lewis were gone. Smith's

whereabouts were unknown at week's end, but TIME has learned that last Wednesday Lewis secretly turned himself in to the Los Angeles office of the FBI. Since then, he has been giving his version of what happened at the bank in the apparent hope of becoming a witness rather than a defendant in the case.

The affair took another bizarre twist last week, when Smith telephoned newspaper and radio reporters in New York City and Los Angeles to give his version of the story. In a defiant but desperate voice he maintained that he was the "scapegoat" in a pervasive plot that involved 35 Wells Fargo officers in 20 branches of the bank. The amount stolen, he said, was actually between $200 million and $300 million. Smith claimed that when suspicions began to surface at Wells Fargo three weeks ago, a group of bank employees raided his Pacific Palisades home and kidnaped his four-year-old son. They returned the child, the story went, only after Smith promised to take his family and flee the country. Smith said he first went to Switzerland and then returned last week to a secret location in the U.S.

Wells Fargo Chairman Richard Cooley promptly called Smith's charges "preposterous." An extensive investigation, he said, showed that the bank had lost no more than $21 million. But because of the complicated nature of the crime, no one could yet be sure how much money was missing. Bank officials later admitted that the investigation was still under way, and they were not certain that Lewis was the only employee in on the plot.

The alleged leader of the heist, Harold James Smith, is a strapping 6 ft. 2 in. and sports a bushy beard usually complemented by a cowboy hat and gold-rimmed sunglasses. His past is something of a mystery. During the 1960s, he worked in the civil rights movement with Stokely Carmichael. In 1976 he turned up in Los Angeles promoting concerts with stars like Shirley Bassey. His business association with Muhammad Ali began a year later, when Smith sponsored some amateur track meets.

In 1979 Smith joined the professional fight game and suddenly began flaunting great wealth. He carted around flight bags full of cash and paid boxers four or five times as much money as other promoters did. Last May he offered Larry Holmes, the World Boxing Council heavyweight champion, $1.5 million to sign an exclusive contract with MAPS. Holmes says that Smith came into the boxer's office with two Wells Fargo cashier checks for $500,000 each and a bag stuffed with $50 and $100 bills.

Smith enjoyed the trappings of money. He owned homes in fashionable sections of Southern California, like Pacific Palisades, where President Reagan used to live, and Marina del Rey. He also owned a brown Cadillac Seville as well as a $60,000 custom-made Cadillac convertible, an $84,000 cabin cruiser and a Beechcraft plane. When asked where his gold mine was located, Smith sometimes replied that his wife's family was wealthy. On other occasions he mimicked the TV commercials of the Smith Barney investment firm and said, "We make money the old-fashioned way. We earn it."

MAPS, however, did not earn money. It lost heavily. Last December, for example, MAPS paid two welterweights more than $300,000 for a Sacramento bout that generated less than $90,000 in gate receipts. Boxing sources estimate that cumulative MAPS losses could have approached $10 million.

Law enforcement officers and computer experts say that the MAPS caper was typical of the kind of embezzlement that computers make possible. Transactions that once required several signatures on a piece of paper are now carried out instantly by the use of silicon microchips. With modern communications networks, money can be sent in a moment to a bank branch in the next county or in the next country. For example, the transfer of $7.9 billion last month from American banks to the Bank of England as part of the deal to free the American hostages in Iran took less than ten minutes.

The sophisticated technology multiplies the opportunities for theft. Warns Philip Wynn, deputy district attorney for Los Angeles County: "Computer crime is an extremely serious problem. I see it as a monster." No one knows exactly how much computer con men are raking in, but the numbers are big. Federal officials say that the average loss in a bank robbery is $3,200. A typical nonelectronic embezzlement comes to $23,500. But the average computer fraud is $430,000.

Moreover, computer criminals are rarely caught. Jay Becker, director of the National Center for Computer Crime Data, estimates that 99 out of 100 electronic swindles go totally undetected. In most cases security procedures are lax, or clever crooks have learned how to beat the system without leaving a trail. Says FBI Agent Paul Nolan: "In many instances, the criminal can punch just one button, which tells the computer to forget everything. Once that's done, the evidence is destroyed."

Recognizing the threat from computer cons, many banks have installed complex safeguards. Complicated codes are used to thwart unauthorized computer use, and some systems use special programs called audit trails that record every transaction and the user. Computer-security experts, however, admit that many criminals are easily staying one step ahead of the precautions. Says Robert Campbell, president of Advanced Information Management Inc.: "I guess we're at the same stage as when we first started putting locks on the doors of our houses. They kept schoolchildren and stray animals out, but for the person who is really determined, there's still little or no challenge."

Banks are not the only targets. Computer criminals are pilfering money from all kinds of companies. Employees at large corporations, for example, have used computers to print out paychecks to fictitious persons. Department-store workers have credited their charge accounts with a thousand dollars or so and have then gone on shopping sprees

The Federal Government is now beginning to face the problem. The FBI has given 500 of its 7,800 agents a course in computer-crime detection. A bill before Congress would provide new and tougher penalties for computer tampering: up to 15 years in prison and fines as high as $50,000. When he introduced the legislation last year, Republican Senator Charles Percy of Illinois warned that computer theft could be as high as $3 billion per year. Even with stepped-up law enforcement, companies themselves will have to be much more vigilant. The MAPS scandal showed how simple it is to bilk a bank electronically. Though the scheme was discovered, the alleged leader had plenty of time to drop out of sight and reportedly to stash much of the missing $21 million in numbered Swiss bank accounts. ***By Charles Alexander. Reported by Joseph Pilcher/Los Angeles and Paul A. Witteman/San Francisco***

Shirley Bassey with Banker Lewis

The scene of the crime in Beverly Hills

"Me a bank robber? Are you kidding?"

Gold and the Dollar in a Flip-Flop

A "Reagan euphoria" and high interest rates spur a surprise

During the past four years the American dollar has sagged deeper and deeper, while the price of gold tended to soar higher and higher. In the past two weeks it has been the other way round. Gold has lurched lower, as the dollar has risen.

The effect of this role reversal has been to discombobulate money markets everywhere, and last week the turmoil intensified. In Frankfurt, the deutsche mark slumped to a three-year low of 2.16 to the dollar, forcing the West German Bundesbank and the U.S. Federal Reserve into an unusual rescue mission of the mark. The two central banks each sold $500 million in dollars at midweek to prop up the weakening West German currency. In Zurich, the Swiss franc dropped into a two-year trough of 1.95 to the dollar, and in Milan the Italian lira plunged to a record low of 1,019 against the dollar. At the same time, the declining value of gold pushed bullion to $500.50 an ounce at week's end, or a little more than half the alltime peak of $850 an ounce reached one year ago.

The renewed volatility in currency values was unsettling because such gyrations make it difficult for international businessmen to negotiate a loan or sales contract, or even to project the cost of a company payroll. The bulk of international transactions is made in dollars, and an unstable currency makes all planning difficult. Moreover, some experts wondered if the new situation of a strengthening dollar would quickly be followed by a weakening of the U.S. currency. But Italian Economist Luigi Spaventa challenges this view, arguing: "The underlying causes appear to be far stronger than in previous cycles of the dollar."

At least some of the dollar's appeal and gold's weakness is coming from what European bankers are calling the "Reagan euphoria." Just as the value of the dollar fell because world moneymen did not believe that Jimmy Carter was serious about battling inflation, it is now rising because the new Administration looks more determined. Said Beryl Sprinkel, the Under Secretary of the Treasury–designate for Monetary Affairs: "We're getting on top of this inflation problem, and the markets are beginning to believe it."

Much of the dollar's recent strength is attributable to something the President has little direct control over: steep interest rates. At present levels of 17.5% for three-month deposits, American banks are paying interest rates far above the U.S.'s 13% inflation rate. The interest rate in West Germany is only around 9½%, while in Japan it is about 8¾%. The high level of real return attracts many international investors to deposit their money in the U.S., thus strengthening the value of the dollar.

Demand for dollars has also been strong because some holders of gold are selling the metal out of fear that it now faces a long slide. The U.S. Treasury estimates that 14,000 to 16,000 tons of gold, worth about $240 billion at current prices, are in private hands worldwide. If the goldbugs dump only a small portion of their holdings and buy dollars, that transaction can have a very large impact on both the price of gold and the value of the American currency.

At the same time, high American interest rates have flattened the gold futures market. Speculators buy and sell the futures contracts for the delivery of gold in three- or six-months' time in hopes of profiting from the rising price. In contrast to the spot market, where only about 50 to 60 tons of gold bars or coins are traded daily, three times as much is bought and sold in the form of futures contracts. When interest rates climbed last autumn, speculators borrowed heavily from commodities brokers and banks to buy gold futures, believing that once interest rates peaked they would plunge quickly, as happened last spring. That would have sent gold still higher and hammered the dollar. Interest rates did peak in January, but they are now dropping far more slowly than expected. Many speculators have been unable to finance their loans and are being forced to sell futures contracts at a loss, which drives the price down further.

Gold market experts also say that the end of the hostage crisis in Iran is helping to depress the cost of gold. Explains a senior gold trader at a leading New York bank: "In a sense, the gold market has become almost like a drug addict, needing more and more of a bad-news fix to get high." Recently there has just not been enough bad news to keep the market up.

The currency confusion is being aggravated by a host of local problems. West Germany's deutsche mark is suffering from both a strong dollar and a West German economy that is slipping into recession. Moreover, the Bonn government and West German banks are major lenders to Poland and would lose upward of $5 billion if that economically troubled nation defaulted on its loans.

In this world turned upside down, the two strongest currencies are the Japanese yen and the British pound. Both have risen dramatically against the DM as well as the dollar, but for different reasons. With 2% unemployment, 6.9% inflation and projected growth of 5.3% in 1981, Japan's economy is far and away the industrial world's healthiest. Bankers believe that in view of this, the yen will continue to climb in value as 1981 progresses.

By contrast, the slumping British economy is in terrible shape. Unemployment is now 8.8%, and the British gross national product is expected to decline by 2% this year. Yet sales of North Sea oil have cut British dependence on imported crude, pushed the nation's balance of payments into the black, and kept the pound strong on international money markets. In fact, the British government has become concerned that its currency is too strong, and last week Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher said that the value of the pound should decline.

In a world of nervous money, the dollar's new strength and gold's weakness could pass quickly. If the world's moneymen decide that the Reagan Administration's inflation policy is too weak or that it will be killed in Congress, the recent currency adjustments might change again. Said Mohammed Ali Abalkhail, the Saudi Arabian Finance Minister, last week: "We are still looking for clearer indication of what policy Reagan will really follow. That will determine whether the current surge in the dollar is a temporary phenomenon." —*By Christopher Byron. Reported by Frederick Ungeheuer/New York and Bruce van Voorst/Brussels*

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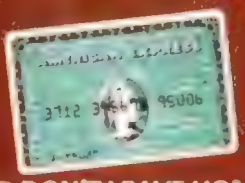

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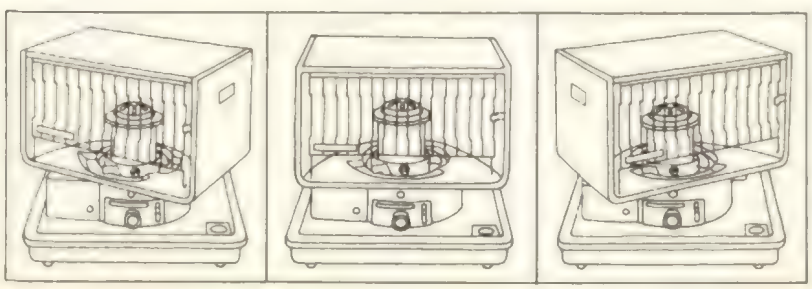

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A Soviet Pipeline to the West

Siberian gas to warm Europe causes some shivers

The Yamal Peninsula is a barren stretch of perpetually frozen soil that extends like an icy finger from Western Siberia about 400 miles toward the Arctic Ocean. Temperatures fall to -60° C during the nine-month-long winter, and the only inhabitants are a few Russians and Mongolian reindeer herders. During Stalin's reign of terror, the Soviet Gulag penetrated the region. Beneath tundra and scrub forests lie the world's largest untapped, proven reserves of natural gas, estimated to total 26 trillion cubic meters.

Last week the Yamal gas reserves were the subject of intense negotiations in Paris, Brussels and The Hague, and of high-level worries in Washington. The Soviet Union has proposed building a natural-gas pipeline from the remote Siberian peninsula, 3,000 miles across the heart of Central Russia to Western Europe. Its partners in the project are to be the major Continental countries. They will lend the Soviets $10 billion to $15 billion to cover the entire construction cost of the project, and provide their best technology and equipment in return for a supply of 40 billion cubic meters of natural gas annually, starting in 1986 at the earliest.

The deal represents the largest commercial transaction in history between East and West and a technical challenge of unparalleled magnitude. It also raises anew questions about Europe's dependency on Soviet energy and the dangers of business arrangements between Communist and Western countries.

The daunting climate, the remoteness of the location and the size of the undertaking will make this one of the most complex engineering projects ever undertaken. In the harsh winters of the Yamal, roughly 150 miles above the Arctic Circle, rubber turns as hard as armor plating and steel rods snap like peppermint sticks. The permafrost is so thick during most of the year that the toughest of excavating equipment must be used to break through it; yet in summer the ground can turn into a quagmire that blocks both man and machine.

The Soviet plan calls for the construction of either two small pipelines or one single line of high-tensile steel pipe perhaps 5 ft. in diameter. Some 40 large compressors will be required to pump the gas from the wellheads to a terminal in Waidhaus, West Germany. Says Heinz Dürr, chairman of AEG-Telefunken, the big West German firm that may supply the compressors: "Even the American experience with the Alaskan pipeline, which is only one-quarter as long, is nothing compared with what we face here."

Lacking the machinery and the experience to build the project on their own, the Soviets have been seeking out Western contractors and suppliers, who are only too eager to help. The steel mills of Western Europe are now operating under capacity, and large manufacturers like Mannesmannröhren-Werke see big profits from the sale of expensive gas pipe. Two American firms are also looking for a share of the construction contract: Caterpillar Tractor hopes to get as much as $1 billion worth of business for road-building and pipe-laying equipment, and International Harvester sees potential sales for compressor-station components.

Financing the huge deal has become an even more difficult task than engineering it. For the past 24 months, Yuri Ivanov, head of the Soviet Foreign Trade Bank, has been canvassing financiers from Tokyo to Düsseldorf and Paris for loans. Already, a consortium of 20 West German banks has been assembled to provide $5.2 billion, and a group of French banks is expected to contribute $4 billion. But Ivanov is a hard bargainer. He is willing to pay only 7.75% interest over ten years, while the current market rate for such loans is 9.75%, and the term is customarily 8½ years.

The Soviets, though, are in an extraordinarily strong bargaining position. Western Europe, which imports about 50% of its total energy supplies, badly needs the new fuel, even though it would increase its dependence upon the Soviet Union. For instance, West Germany, which already receives 12 billion cubic meters of gas annually from the Soviet Union, would get an additional 12.5 billion cubic meters from the new pipeline. That would represent 30% of its projected total gas consumption in 1986. France, which proposes to take 10 billion cubic meters from the new line, would be receiving 30% of its gas from the Soviets in five years. Overall, Western Europe would get close to one-quarter of its natural gas from the Soviet Union after the pipeline is built, as compared with 9% in 1980.

Such dependence makes many Western observers uneasy. Only last fall, a Soviet trade official at the Hanover Fair in West Germany was heard to threaten to halt existing gas deliveries if the West Germans failed to be "cooperative" in opposing Western trade sanctions against the Soviet Union following its invasion of Afghanistan. The *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung* recently wrote in an editorial that it would be wiser for West Germany to build four additional nuclear reactors, which would provide an equivalent amount of energy at the same price as the Soviet gas deal.

The Yamal pipeline arrangement has drawn criticism in Washington. Reagan Administration officials warn privately that the pipeline is an enormous security risk. Says one Energy Department official: "We think it will be very unfortunate if the net overall European dependence on Soviet energy increases as much as it probably will when the pipeline is complete." A report by the Senate Energy Committee warned last December that the pipeline could split the NATO alliance because it would reduce Western European resistance to Soviet pressure. The report concluded: "The U.S.S.R. can strengthen its economic influence over the West and re-

duce cohesion among the U.S. and its allies on political, economic and military matters to the extent that it can increase its gas exports to Western Europe."

There is no doubt that the pipeline will help efforts by the Soviets to tap their own energy resources and ease any future fuel shortages. Soviet oil production has been growing more slowly in recent years, and some Western experts predict that the country might become a net importer of oil by the mid-1980s. The pipeline will alleviate the situation by sending gas to the Soviet Union's more populated regions like Minsk.

The pipeline will provide many other benefits for Moscow. Once the Soviets have paid off the loans made to finance its construction, within eight to ten years, gas sales to the West will supply badly needed foreign currency. The pipeline will also furnish the infrastructure for the overall development of natural-gas fields and oilfields in Siberia, where progress has been stunted because of the region's remoteness and hostile climate.

Western European countries have been buying gas from the Soviet Union since 1974. The flow of gas has been interrupted only during peak winter months because of "technical reasons," according to the Soviets. European experts tend to believe the Soviets on this point and feel that they have little to fear from future cutoffs of the new pipeline. The Soviet Union is considered a far more reliable supplier of natural gas than Algeria, Nigeria, Iran and other potentially large suppliers. Said Count Otto von Lambsdorff, the West German Economics Minister: "I have complete confidence that the Soviets will fulfill their responsibilities."

A number of steps that could reduce the exposure of Western Europe to the threat of energy blackmail are now being discussed. Storage caverns like those in Italy could be filled as a security reserve. Production in some currently producing gasfields in The Netherlands might be cut back to retain the fuel for emergency use. Factories and generating plants could be fitted with dual-capacity burners that would use both gas and oil. Joseph Nye, a Harvard government professor who has closely studied the pipeline deal, says that if such steps are taken, "energy dependence would not necessarily mean vulnerability."

Western Europe clearly faces the frustrating choice of dependence upon unstable Middle East supplies or questionable Soviet ones. Says British Energy Expert Jonathan Stern: "Western critics simply don't acknowledge the realities of Europe's energy dilemma. Europe is a big net energy importer, and it has to get its fuel some place." Given that situation, the West European decision seems unavoidable. *—By Alexander Taylor. Reported by Gary Lee/Washington and Bruce van Voorst/Brussels*

Canadian Firms on the Prowl

Land developers and oil drillers lead a move south

The Silver Triangle in downtown Denver is a 20-square-block collection of parking lots, seedy hotels and aging, rundown stores. But a few months ago, the area started blossoming with bright green and white signs reading: ACQUIRED FOR CLIENTS. KNOWLTON REALTY, LTD. Knowlton is a Calgary, Alta., real estate firm that over the past year bought up $70 million worth of Triangle property as part of the major new influx of Canadian investment into the U.S.

Canadian firms have long done business in the U.S. The Bank of Montreal helped start the Chicago Clearing House in the 19th century, and companies like Alcan Aluminium, Seagram and Massey-Ferguson have been selling south of their border for decades. But the big push started in the 1970s. Over the past decade, Canadian entrepreneurs have bought U.S. newspapers, drugstores, cable television franchises, office towers and oil-drilling leases. Just last month Hiram Walker–Consumers Home Ltd. of Toronto paid more than $600 million for about 60% of Denver Wildcatter Marvin Davis' oil empire, including wells in Wyoming, Oklahoma, Louisiana and Texas that daily produce 4,000 bbl. of crude and 40 million cu. ft. of natural gas.

Canadian direct investment in the U.S. has risen from an estimated $3.3 billion in 1970 to more than $10 billion today. This is still only about one-quarter of America's direct investment in its northern neighbor. But Canada is now challenging Britain for second place among foreign investors in the U.S. The Netherlands remains by far the biggest overall.

The most visible Canadian investors are real estate companies. Toronto's Olympia & York Developments Ltd. owns 11 million sq. ft. of prime office space in Manhattan and recently won a competition to develop 6 million sq. ft. more in New York's Battery Park City. Another Toronto company, Cadillac Fairview, is now the largest single developer of luxury condominiums in the Miami area, having close to $300 million worth of housing under construction.

Hard on the heels of the real estate developers are Canadian oil and gas companies. These firms have been so discouraged by their government's policy of heavy taxation and price controls that they find the U.S. an attractive alternative market. This year Alberta-based oil and gas hunters will spend as much as $4 billion searching for energy in the U.S., *vs.* $1.5 billion to $2 billion spent at home. The International Association of Drilling Contractors in Houston estimates that by late spring there may be as many as 250 Canadian drilling rigs operating in the U.S. This would be more than a third of that country's supply of rigs. Already, about 50 Canadian energy-related firms have opened offices in the Denver area, the U.S.'s new oil and gas boomtown.

Canadian Prime Minister Pierre Elliott Trudeau has long pursued a strongly nationalist policy that tried to lower the proportion of foreign ownership of sensitive economic areas. But, so far, the American reaction to the Canadian invasion has been warm. In the mile-square beachfront community of Surfside, Fla., near affluent Bal Harbour, Canadian businessmen have almost finished two high-rise condominiums, valued at $46 million. Next month the town will hold its annual "Salute to Canada" week. ■

Knowlton Realty Manager Tom Stubbs and the popular new sign in Denver's Silver Triangle

Investors buying up a collection of parking lots, seedy hotels and aging, rundown stores.

Participants Heath and Brzezinski with Forum Officials Klaus Schwab and Alain Borner

The Magic Meeting Place

Europe's corporate chiefs go to Davos for play—and work

Idyllic Davos, Switzerland, hardly looks like a place for a somber meeting of Europe's business leaders. Although it was the setting for Thomas Mann's moody masterpiece *The Magic Mountain*, Davos is better known as one of Europe's most fashionable ski resorts. Yet every year top executives trek off to Davos for the European Management Forum, perhaps the world's most high-powered business convention. Last week 450 Europeans, including Heinz Duerr, president of the West German electrical firm AEG-Telefunken Corp.; Gordon Stevens, a director of Unilever Ltd.; and John Raisman, Deputy Chairman of Shell U.K., Ltd., gathered in Davos to listen to lectures, talk business and do some skiing.

The Davos forum was started in 1971 by Klaus Schwab, a Harvard-educated management expert. Schwab's goal was to teach American management methods to Europeans. Now the forum mainly brings business and political leaders together to discuss the key issues of the day in a relaxed atmosphere. Says he: "The question is how the manager and his company relate to the political, social and economic environment."

One executive reads in the sun

Schwab has been able to get luminaries to go to Davos, for which they receive generous speaking fees plus expenses. Last year former U.S. Secretary of State Henry Kissinger used the Davos podium to warn against a Soviet arms buildup, and in 1979 French Premier Raymond Barre gloomily predicted that Western Europe's lack of energy and raw materials would condemn it to dangerous dependence on the Middle East and other areas.

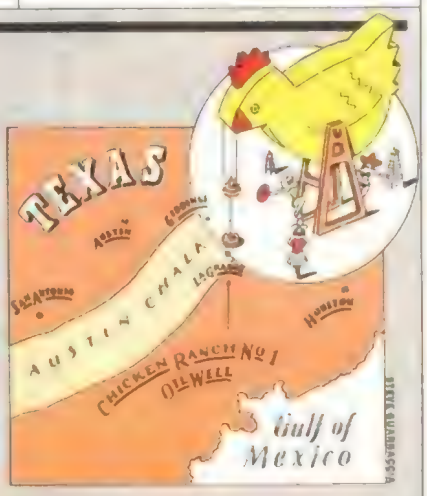
Had it not been for the blanket of powder snow and the blue skies, the problems under discussion this year might have seemed weighty enough to send Mann's hero Hans Castorp back to the sanitarium for another seven years. Europe's most influential men were deeply upset over the turmoil in international financial markets. In a session chaired by former British Prime Minister Edward Heath, Karl Otto Pöhl, president of the West German Bundesbank, expressed concern over the disparate rates of inflation throughout Europe and the West, calling for "effective measures for coordinating economic policy." Guido Carli, former governor of the Bank of Italy, pleaded for new approaches to the problem of world raw materials shortages. The two principal American speakers, Zbigniew Brzezinski and John Connally, said little that was surprising, but still elicited warm applause. Brzezinski rehashed a speech that he had made two weeks earlier in Paris on the importance of confronting aggressive Soviet foreign policy around the world, while Connally lavishly praised his old friends who are now in the White House.

But neither the length of the sessions (8:30 a.m. to 7 p.m. daily) nor the tedium of some speakers dampened the playful mood of most participants. Observed one executive: "Among other things, the forum offers a delightful vacation on the expense account." Many came to the meetings wearing ski togs instead of business suits and parked the rest of their sports gear at the door. Said one who attended: "You'd feel naked here without your skis." At night the almost exclusively male executives and their female companions dressed in the finest evening wear and quaffed magnums of champagne, while Pepe Lienhard's band at Davos' Kongresshaus played tangos, cha cha chas and Glenn Miller favorites. The business and financial situation in Europe cannot be all that bad. ■

The Best Little Oil Well

The sleepy farm town of La Grange, Texas, has not had much to brag about since 1976, when a nosy investigative reporter helped close down the Chicken Ranch, the famous brothel celebrated in the Broadway musical *The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas*. But now La Grange has a different kind of natural resource: "Chicken Ranch No. 1," an oil well that is producing 107 bbl. of low-sulfur crude a day.

The well is one of the more than 1,000 new discoveries in the so-called Austin chalk, a complex geological stratum that lies between Houston and Austin. Oilmen have long suspected that the area held many "sweet pots" of oil and natural gas, but they always lacked the incentive and technology to find them. Now better seismic analysis and the skyrocketing price of crude have made it profitable to search out smaller deposits. Hamlets in the area like Old Dime Box and La Grange have turned into boomtowns. In Giddings, the epicenter of the oilfield, houses that rented for $75 a month now go for $300, and one local entrepreneur is converting old oil-storage tanks into motel rooms renting for $20 a night. That is exactly what the girls at the old Chicken Ranch used to charge.



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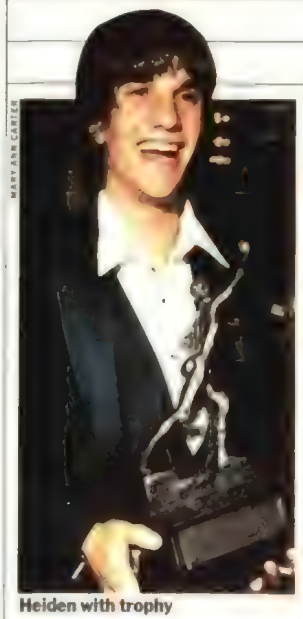

MARY ANN CARTER

Heiden with trophy

Eric Heiden, 22, does not mince words about his pet peeves. "I hate New York," says the Wisconsin-born Olympic speed skater. "If you don't walk ten miles an hour there, you're run over." Same goes for Manhattan's Central Park: "In Madison, it would be condemned." Nor is the winner of five gold medals fond of being a celebrity: "If I wanted to become famous, I would have stuck to hockey." As for all the commercial offers he rejects: "I don't want to have to go places to keep appointments." But one appointment kept by the University of California junior—now a competitive cyclist—was a dinner date last week in Indianapolis. There he became the first speed skater to receive the James E. Sullivan Award, given annually to the nation's top amateur athlete. His performance on the occasion was vintage Heiden. "I don't like to make speeches," he politely informed the crowd, finishing his acceptance remarks in less than a minute—perhaps yet another world record

■

While the First Lady furtively planned a dinner dance—standard **Reagan** black tie, 100 guests, a tab running well into five figures—a few enterprising White House staffers devised a surprise of their own for the President's 70th birthday. They sprang it in the Oval Office, just as Reagan was about to receive a bipartisan group of Congressmen. House Speaker **Tip O'Neill,** Senator **Paul Laxalt** and Representatives **Jim Wright** and **Robert Michel** suddenly found themselves making their entrance with **Nancy Reagan** and a giant cake standing 8 ft. tall on its platform. "I'd like to light it," said Nancy, "but I can't reach the candle." Without stopping to think, Texan Wright leaned over and gave her a lift. When the President arrived, to strains of *Happy Birthday to You* in rare congressional harmony, he had to be dissuaded from blowing out the candle jump-shot style. Said Reagan: "I bet I could do it from here without touching the cake."

DIRCK HALSTEAD

Reagan, Nancy, O'Neill and Wright surround the towering confection

Moral Majority Leader **Jerry Falwell** notes with righteous pride that among the very first texts ever to come off a printing press was the Holy Bible. Sometimes he must wish the whole process had stopped right there. Falwell learned two weeks ago that interviews he had granted to two freelance writers were about to be published in the March issue of the girlie magazine *Penthouse*. Aghast at being tucked between the same covers as those unclad Jezebels, Falwell tried to block distribution of the magazine last week with a court injunction. When that failed, he filed a $10 million lawsuit. *Penthouse* Publisher **Bob Guccione** was unfazed. As Falwell desperately tried to soothe his flock, his sometime nemesis Guccione was gleefully predicting that the March issue would sell 500,000 extra copies. Said he: "We couldn't afford a promotion genius like Falwell."

■

"Politics needs a woman's point of view," says **Gro Harlem Brundtland,** 41, former Environment Minister of Norway. The Labor Party agreed. Last week it installed Brundtland as her country's first female—and youngest—Prime Minister, following the resignation of the increasingly unpopular **Odvar Nordli,** 53. A physician with a Harvard master's degree in public health, Brundtland thus became the third member of that highly exclusive club—women heads of government (along with **Margaret Thatcher** and **Indira Gandhi**). Nicknamed "the green goddess" for her impassioned protection of the Norwegian woods, Brundtland favors backing NATO strongly and stationing U.S. military equipment in Norway. But some Norwegians are more impressed with her talent for building political coalitions. Said one Oslo resident, noting that Brundtland is married to a prominent member of the

NORSK FARGEN

Brundtland at home last summer

An unlikely forum . . .

. . . for the furious Falwell

opposition Conservative Party: "If she can share a double bed with him all these years, getting on with the Conservatives in the Storting [parliament] shouldn't be too hard."

■

"It's the best part I've had in a couple of years. And those two knockouts had a lot to do with it." You might say Actor **Peter Falk,** 53, is red hot about his two co-stars in . . . *All the Marbles*, a movie due out next summer. In it, Falk plays the fast-talking manager of two gorgeous lady wrestlers (Newcomers **Vicki Frederick,** 28, and **Laurene Landon,** 23). Not bad for a guy whose *Columbo* series is down for the count.

■

"I have always considered myself a Jew. I was born Jewish and will remain so even if that is unacceptable to some." Strange words, coming from the man who is now one of the highest-ranking officials of the Catholic Church in France. Indeed, the Pope's choice for Archbishop of Paris, **Jean-Marie Lustiger,** 54, French-born son of Polish-Jewish Holocaust victims (his mother died at Auschwitz), created quite a stir when announced last week. Lustiger's credentials are, however, impeccably orthodox. Though he wore a Star of David throughout the Nazi occupation of France, Lustiger turned to Catholicism as a very young child, formally converting and changing his first name (from Aaron) at age 14. He studied theology at the Sorbonne, served as a university chaplain, and has been Bishop of Orléans since 1979. In fact, it was not Lustiger's religious background that raised a few eyebrows at the Vatican; it was his Polish origins. Groused one Curia member: "Is the Pope going to pack the episcopate with Poles?"

Peter Falk manages a knockout tag team in . . . *All the Marbles*

■

For Actor **Rod Steiger,** 55, going from the Hasidic rabbi in *The Chosen* to Benito Mussolini in *Lion of the Desert* demanded a few changes. First, the Yiddish inflection was traded for an Italian accent. No problem there, since Steiger had played Pope John XXIII in *And There Came a Man* (1968) and, for that matter, the title role in *Mussolini, the Last Act* (1974). Next, the full, rabbinical beard had to go. Finally, Steiger's impressively shaggy head had to be shaved. But how closely? Over this hairy point, a heated argument arose between Steiger's makeup man and Producer-Director **Moustapha Akkad.** **Luigi Galbani,** 63, the barber at Rome's Excelsior Hotel, intervened. "Il Duce," he declared, "was completely bald." That settled it. No one could doubt the word of a man who once wielded the razors at Mussolini's Ministry of the Interior. Said Galbani: "I shaved him several times—both his face and head." *—By Claudia Wallis*

Jewish-born Archbishop Lustiger

Shorn again as Mussolini: Steiger in *Lion of the Desert*

On the Record

Lane Kirkland, 58, AFL-CIO president, on the plethora of Democratic presidential hopefuls: "I can count about twelve people who are showing signs of delusions of adequacy."

Françoise Gilot, 59, painter who was once Pablo Picasso's mistress, on the difference between Picasso and Henri Matisse: "Matisse was as great as his art. That was not the case with Picasso. If you had to be around *him* much, you suffered."

Armand Hammer, 82, millionaire businessman, on Marlon Brando's portrayal of a Hammer-like character in the movie *The Formula:* "If Brando gets $250,000 per day, I'd be glad to play the part myself. Or any part, for that matter."

Marie Osmond, 21, pop singer, on her own virginity: "People dwell so much on why Marie won't go to bed with somebody, and they think I'm a little weird because I haven't yet. Like I'm missing a big thing."

A TOT performance of *La Bohème* at Brookhaven College in a Dallas suburb; Singers Jann Jaffe as Mimi and Dennis Petersen as Rodolfo

Have Arias, Will Travel

A Texas touring company finds opera a home on the road

Faint hearts need not apply. That goes for fatties too: a brochure declares proudly that there are "no two-ton Teutons in our company." Still, it takes more than just a strong voice and a presentable shape to join up with the Texas Opera Theater.

A certain amount of vigor is required to get through the Houston-based company's long days; counting time for travel, set assembling and performances, the crew can work as many as 20 hours on a day when the main company is on the road. And it will be traveling for twelve weeks of this 36-week season, in which TOT is scheduled to give 233 performances in 57 cities, towns and hamlets. A tolerance for long bus rides and fast-food joints is also helpful. Yes, TOT members should have a deep love of opera. But they also must not recoil at the idea of performing *La Bohème* on the gym floor of the junior high in Eagle Pass, Texas, or changing costumes in the bathrooms in the lobby of the high school in Show Low, Ariz. New recruits are advised to keep their voices in shape and their pioneer spirits ready; they will need both for the next publicity appearance at a shopping mall or an upcoming condominium dedication.

Sex appeal does not hurt either. It never does, of course, but it turns out to be especially practical when performers are sent to melt hearts and open wallets at the local Lions Club, or to strut and sing their stuff in front of thousands of noisily skeptical fans before the start of a game at the Astrodome. "We'll get in any door we can," says Jane Weaver, 33, TOT managing director. "We have to be flexible enough to play in a high school gym as well as a 2,000-seat auditorium." That frequently exercised adaptability, says Baritone Robert Galbraith, one of TOT's standout voices, is "the wonderful thing about us. We can take opera anywhere."

It is wonderful that TOT can do this. It is perhaps even more wonderful that its members want to, and are willing to put up with almost any touring mishap and slap-happy road-company misfortune in order to let people in places far from regular opera companies sample a little Puccini or get a glimpse of Rossini's *Cinderella*. In characteristic down-home fashion, a TOT invitation for that work urges, "Come see Cinderella win out over her two grasping stepsisters. Come see her wed the handsome Prince." Notes the Houston Grand Opera's general director, David Gockley: "Opera tends to be a stilted, exotic, expensive kind of entertainment that rules out a great deal of the population." Gockley founded TOT in 1974 precisely to break down the high-falutin image that opera still has in the boonies, as well as to create a training ground for emerging talent.

The best of the young performers —all but one of the singers are under 30—can expect to join other TOT-trained artists who have gone on to big-city companies, which do not hire inexperienced singers. Says Philadelphia-born Conductor Louis Salemno, 28, explaining why he joined TOT: "It's all in your head until you get a chance. They gave me a chance. At Chicago's Lyric Opera, they want Toscanini."

With a performance early this week in Austin, the company winds up a 29-day swing through 18 cities and towns in Texas, Oklahoma and Louisiana. Among the stops: Temple, Stillwater, San Marcos, Eagle Pass, Seguin and Harlingen. At times on such jaunts, a TOT engagement looks less like a brush with Parnassus than a rest stop at Parris Island. "I think it's like the Olympics," says Mezzo-Soprano

BOB F. CONNOLLY

Salemno and Weaver barbecuing between shows

Offstage and on, such jaunts can seem "like the Olympics."

Susanne Mentzer. "You have to sing, act, put on makeup and ride the bus on top of everything else." A measure of flexibility in casting is required: Galbraith sings the baritone role of Marcello in *La Bohème*, as well as the bass role of Dandini in *Cinderella*. In one week on the latest tour Tenor Carroll Freeman helped out with hair and makeup and sang two lines offstage in *Bohème* in Abilene, Texas, on Tuesday, and assumed the leading role of Rodolfo on Thursday, when the bus reached Lawton, Okla.

When things get truly rigorous, a certain improvisational talent comes into play. At Show Low, a tiny town (pop. 3,800) in eastern Arizona, some members of the company had to relieve themselves on the snow. Even when plumbing is provided, timing is vital. Portable toilets were installed in Lubbock, Texas, for company convenience, but they were located right inside the theater doors so that, as one TOT stalwart reports, "if you had to go during the show, you had to go during a loud part."

Loud parts do not occur with, say, Bayreuth frequency or density. The company for the latest tour included 14 singers (starting salary: $280 a week), a 23-piece orchestra, a conductor and assistant and five-member crew, all of whom have got into costume for the productions. Audience taste tends to restrict TOT's repertory to the best-known works, which are sung in English. Says Company Manager Jim Toland, 36: "What else can you bring to someone who has never seen opera before but the great ones?" There is a little experimentation: Donizetti's *Don Pasquale* will be reset in modern Cuba. TOT is also limited to operas in which the chorus is not essential and which do not call for either heavy orchestration or the kind of big, heroic vocal strength that is still beyond the capacity of the company's young singers.

If these requirements are confining, no one at TOT seems to notice, or care. The company started with $35,000 from the Moody Foundation, bankrolled by the estate of a multimillionaire Texas financier; TOT's success has been so swift and sure it is now flourishing on a million-dollar budget. Some of that comes from revenues and some from grants by Texaco, Exxon, First City Bancorporation of Texas, Dresser Industries and Levi Strauss, as well as the state of Texas and the National Endowment for the Arts. This year the group comes East for the first time (stops will include Albany, Ga., Danville, Va., and Asheville, N.C.), and later may go to Alaska.

The company will, in fact, travel to almost any town that invites it. All it asks in return is a check ranging from $5,600 to $19,900 (depending on how far from the home base it must travel and what shows in the repertory are requested) and a space 35 ft. wide, 25 ft. deep and 16½ ft. high. A couple of portable johns might be nice too. *—By Jay Cocks. Reported by Anne Constable/Abilene*

Cinema

Conscience in a Rough Precinct

FORT APACHE, THE BRONX *Directed by Daniel Petrie*
Screenplay by Heywood Gould

It is time—past time—to say something nice about Paul Newman. Of course, he has been well loved for his blue eyes and his cheeky style by a couple of generations of women. But aside from his roles in *The Hustler*, various pairings with Robert Redford and one or two other films, he has not been taken seriously by critics and other sobersides. That is understandable, since it is possible that no major U.S. star has endured more indifferent movies (beginning with his 1954 debut in *The Silver Chalice*) than he has.

So *Fort Apache, The Bronx* must be gratefully received, because it provides Newman with his first opportunity in years for a full-scale star turn. "Fort Apache" is the headquarters of New York City's 41st precinct, which encompasses the toughest black and Puerto Rican neighborhoods of the South Bronx. Newman plays a patrolman who is stuck in grade largely because of an excess of street-bred compassion. When the hard-nosed new precinct commander, Edward Asner, decides to shape up the 41st by launching wholesale arrests to nab suspects in the murder of two policemen, the residents run riot. During one fracas, Newman sees a colleague hurl an innocent youth to his death. The rest of the film deals with Newman's agonizing over whether to report this police crime.

While wrestling with his moral crisis, Newman gets to act all kinds of things: tough, rebellious, weary, angry, loving, even, for a couple of fine moments, absolutely crazy. That is when he has to disarm a psycho who is threatening a crowd with a knife. Newman turns his hat around, pulls faces and starts mumbling wildly to himself, so startling the lunatic that he docilely hands over his weapon.

The film is not quite up to its star. It occupies a country somewhere between *Barney Miller* and the works of Joseph Wambaugh: a land of masculine camaraderie in which the bureaucrats don't understand how things are in the real world, and an unspoken tenderness is exchanged between police and perpetrators because they both inhabit the same mean streets. But the cut of life examined in the film and its attitudes are not highly original, and are too close for comfort to the manner of made-for-TV movies.

Yet there are some good, quick comic bits among the gang in the station house, an interesting doomed romance between Newman and a Puerto Rican nurse (Rachel Ticotin), and some all right, brutal but brief action. Beyond that, the movie takes a liberal attitude toward its milieu, falling neither into despair nor into the tough-minded rightist posturing that marks most police epics, which tend to be cut along the *Dirty Harry* bias.

But mainly it is Newman, now 56, who gives *Fort Apache* its modest distinction. From *Somebody Up There Likes Me* onward, there has been a main line to his best performances, a certain inarticulate striving toward decency on the part of men who may not be the smartest guys in the world, but who have discovered their better natures through the play of instincts. This film marks a return to that line. *—By Richard Schickel*

Paul Newman off and on duty: smooching in bathtub with Rachel Ticotin and smiling in uniform

Tough, weary, angry, loving and even mock-crazy in the kind of role he plays best.

Dispute over the Deity of Christ

The United Presbyterian Church is disunited over a heresy case

It all started at a routine meeting of delegates from Presbyterian congregations around Washington in 1979. On the agenda was the application of United Church of Christ Minister Mansfield M. Kaseman for Presbyterian credentials so he could serve as a clergyman in the Rockville (Md.) United Church, which belongs both to Kaseman's U.C.C. and the United Presbyterian Church.

During the meeting, the affable Kaseman was asked whether he believed Jesus Christ is God. "No," he responded, "God is God." Kaseman was accepted by a majority. But that answer stirred deep alarm in some delegates. In recent years conservative Presbyterians have had to swallow a fair degree of doctrinal flexibility, but they interpreted Kaseman's response as a denial of the deity of Christ. The conservatives filed a protest and eventually the Permanent Judicial Commission, the national supreme court of the 2.5 million–member United Presbyterian Church, bounced the case back to the local presbytery for further examination.

The traditional statement of Presbyterian faith had been the lengthy Westminster Confession of 1647. It includes the ancient definition of Jesus Christ as "the second Person in the Trinity, being very and eternal God, of one substance and equal with the Father." At the second examination last March, Kaseman was asked four times about Christ's bodily Resurrection. He finally said, "I believe in the Resurrection without necessarily believing in the bodily Resurrection." Though he said he "affirms" the doctrine of the Trinity, as required by the Presbyterian church, he indicated he is uncomfortable with traditional creeds and shuns doctrinal formulas on principle. "For me," he declared, "the God worth knowing is found more in the quest of liberation than in the pursuit of orthodoxy."

D. ANA WALKER

Presbyterian Minister Mansfield Kaseman
"No," he responded, "God is God."

The presbytery again approved Kaseman, again conservatives appealed, and a final hearing was scheduled in Philadelphia before the Permanent Judicial Commission. Maryland Pastor Stewart J Rankin asked the 14 black-robed judges to bar Kaseman, declaring, "The eternal destiny of mortal souls hangs in the balance." Defending Kaseman, Washington Pastor Arthur R. McKay insisted that Presbyterianism had crossed a "great divide" in 1967, which conservatives simply refuse to recognize.

What had happened in 1967 was that the church broadened its body of creeds and loosened the vows required of new clergy. Presbyterian ministers formerly had to pledge that they "receive and adopt" the Westminster Confession and catechisms. Since 1967 they have only had to promise to be "instructed" and "continually guided" by nine creeds and confessions. The Permanent Judicial Commission decided the local presbytery had been correct in considering Kaseman's views "within the acceptable range of interpretation" permitted by the new vows.

The ruling, making doctrinal heresy far harder to prove, comes at a tense time. Dozens of conservative congregations have broken away over the church's 1979 ruling that all congregations must put women on their governing boards. The Kaseman case threatens to set off another wave of walkouts. Last week leaders of the "confessionalist" wing declared that the ruling "has legitimized apostasy" and announced a campaign to get the church's national assembly to restore orthodoxy when it convenes in May. ■

Milestones

DIED. Ella Grasso, 61, effective Connecticut politician, first woman to govern a state who did not succeed her husband; of cancer; in Hartford (*see* NATION)

DIED. Frederika Louise of Hannover, 63, beautiful, domineering, German-born Queen of Greece from 1947 until the death of her husband King Paul in 1964, mother of exiled King Constantine and strong-willed matriarch whose imperious demands and interventions in Greek politics sent mobs into Athens' streets and might have helped pave the way for the monarchy's overthrow in 1967; of heart failure after surgery; in Madrid, where she was visiting her daughter Queen Sofia of Spain

DIED. Margaret McNamara, 65, wife of World Bank President and former U.S Defense Secretary Robert McNamara, founder of Reading Is Fundamental, which since 1966 has provided more than 3 million poor children with 37 million books; of cancer; in Washington, D.C.

DIED. Hugh Addonizio, 67, burly Democratic Congressman from New Jersey (1949-62) and mayor of Newark (1962-70), who was convicted of extortion and conspiracy in 1970, spent five years in federal prison; of a heart attack; in Red Bank, N.J

DIED. John Converse, 71, plastic surgeon and founder-director of New York University's Institute of Reconstructive Plastic Surgery, a center that combines surgery with psychology and speech therapy to mend the psyches as well as the features of the disfigured; of a heart attack; in Southampton, N.Y. The University of Paris–trained Converse pioneered many surgical techniques, including cranial-facial restructuring, edited a seven-volume text on reconstructive plastic surgery known in the field as "the bible."

DIED. Donald Douglas, 88, pioneering aircraft designer whose development in 1935 of the durable DC-3 opened up the era of mass commercial air travel; in Palm Springs, Calif. The Brooklyn-born, M.I.T.-educated engineer had already helped design the world's first wind tunnel when, at 28, he used $600 to start his own aircraft business in the back of a Los Angeles barbershop. Government orders for military planes quickly established the firm, but its DC (for Douglas Commercial) series truly made it fly. Douglas' masterpiece, the DC-3, was the first American plane to make a profit from passengers only. During World War II, more than 10,000 were built and adapted for military use as the C-47 transport. Douglas Aircraft lost the race into the jet age when Boeing introduced the 707 in 1958, a year ahead of Douglas' DC-8. In 1967 the ailing Douglas firm was absorbed by McDonnell Aircraft, and its founder retired.

DIED. Mary Parkman Peabody, 89, doughty Boston Brahmin civil rights activist who was arrested in 1964 at age 72 for leading a demonstration in St. Augustine, Fla., while her son Endicott Peabody was Governor of Massachusetts; of heart failure; in Cambridge, Mass.

Mary Gordon: exploring sacrifice, tradition and the spiritual dependency of Catholic women

A Prodigal Daughter Returns

THE COMPANY OF WOMEN *by Mary Gordon; Random House; 291 pages; $12.95*

American fiction in 1978 rang with two strong young voices: John Irving's in *The World According to Garp* and Mary Gordon's in her first novel, *Final Payments*. Both books dealt with the unavoidable responsibilities and equally unavoidable satisfactions of family, though the world according to Gordon was quite different from Irving's literary Astrodome. Readers of *Final Payments* found themselves in a small house in a working-class neighborhood of Queens, Archie Bunker country without one-liners. The heroine, Isabel Moore, had spent all of her 20s caring for her invalid father, a man impacted with hatred for liberalism and the non-Catholic world.

Old man Moore is dead, but his flagellating spirit lives on in Gordon's second novel. So, too, do Isabel's intelligence, spunk and moral seriousness. Father Cyprian and Felicitas Taylor of *The Company of Women* extend the author's exploration into the value of sacrifice and tradition. The novel's structure is as formal as Gordon's sense of the hierarchy that governs the lives of her characters.

Orbiting around the book is the Roman Catholic faith. Its influence is inescapable, especially on Father Cyprian, a priest whose asceticism and reactionary views make him unwelcome in a liberalized church. He has, instead, a private, unofficial congregation: five single working women.

Felicitas, daughter of one of the women, is the group's only child. With her own father dead, the 14-year-old girl seeks paternal affection and security from Cyprian. He gives her that and more. He guides her education in Latin and Greek and arms her with orthodoxy: "This beauty all around us modern man mistakes for God," he tells her on a drive through the countryside. He denounces the love of nature as pantheism, "a particularly American error," and goes on to warn Felicitas that she will come to know the rottenness of the age.

By 1969, Felicitas is knee-deep in the age. She has left her mother's house in Brooklyn to study classics at Columbia. There she is seduced by a knavish political science professor of the Herbert Marcuse persuasion; she moves into the apartment he shares with two other women and a toddler named Mao; she is encouraged by her lover to sleep with a downstairs neighbor; she becomes pregnant by one or the other and heads for the abortionist's waiting room.

What is a nice Catholic girl doing in a situation like this? Is she simply rounding out her education with a cram course in profane love, radical politics and the impersonal ritual of feticide? Not quite. Felicitas, "called after the one virgin martyr whose name contained some hope for ordinary human happiness," decides to give birth after all, then takes her place in the company of women. As a mother, she pursues a career in ordinariness with a grudging acceptance.

Part III, the concluding section of the novel, finds Felicitas, her mother, baby Linda, Father Cyprian and his faithful band living near one another in western New York. Prodigal daughter and priest now talk about home improvements, not theology. For physical comfort, Felicitas has Leo, a kind, oxlike hardware store owner to whom she proposes marriage while killing bats. Here is Gordon's prose at its finely detailed, rhythmic best: "There were 16 bats, trying to lift themselves off the ground, trying, failing, bringing their wings together in desperation, raising themselves an inch, two inches, then falling. They moved their heads around, following me as I walked, as if they could see me. I thought of Linda's feet, her round translucent toenails, rose-colored, like shells, the perfect circle of her heels, her soles, tough but no match for all this."

The Company of Women has the same strengths and weaknesses as *Final Payments*. Both novels succeed on the durability and intelligence of central characters who command respect. Both novels have a tendency to slip into lugubriousness and slick schematism. Felicitas' college days contain too much stock footage from the dopey '60s, and though Cyprian's followers illustrate the spiritual dependency of women in a male-dominated church, they remain only illustrations—sketches of romanticized stoicism.

By contrast, Felicitas refuses to subordinate herself to any father figure, including the Almighty. "I will not look to God for comfort, or for succor, or for sweetness," she declares. "God will have to meet me on the high ground of reason, and there He's a poor contender." With such ideas, this Catholic woman could be a hero in a Jewish novel. —*By R.Z. Sheppard*

Excerpt

"I suspect that being fatherless leaves a woman with a taste for the fanatical. Having grown unsheltered, having never seen in the familiar flesh the embodiment of the ancient image of authority, a girl can be satisfied only with the heroic, the desperate, the extreme. A fatherless girl thinks all things possible and nothing safe. I don't want that for Linda. I had Cyprian, but he fathered me as if we were both bodiless, for our connection had nothing in it of the flesh. But I will sleep with Leo, Linda will know that. And Leo will know that Linda is an ordinary child, a child of flesh and bone."

New Immortal

Yourcenar's academic victory

"This uncertain, floating me . . . is surrounded, accompanied by an invisible troupe of women who perhaps should have received this honor long before"

The honor was admission to the Académie Française, a group of 40 "Immortals," guardians of the French language who are replaced when death cancels their title. The speaker was Author Marguerite Yourcenar, 77, the only female elected to the academy in its 346 years. The members' choice seemed perverse —they had previously spurned such women as Mme. de Staël, George Sand and Colette. Moreover, Yourcenar is a naturalized U.S. citizen who has dual citizenship, and has spent the past 40 years as a resident of New England

Accordingly, when Journalist Jean d'Ormesson, 55, lobbied in behalf of her membership, he was characterized as a "young thug" and "leftist" by outraged fellow members. Philosopher Jean Guitton, 79, argued that admitting a woman would be "like putting a pigeon among the rabbits." Yet when the pigeon flew in last month, fur did not fly, nor were feathers ruffled

Not that it mattered to Yourcenar She never sought the honor, and she is unlikely to be seen within 3,000 miles of the academy Her psychological home seems even more remote. From birth, the author was separated not only from the common reader but from ordinary life. Her Belgian mother died a week after the child was born, and Marguerite spent her formative years traveling with Papa Michel de Crayencour, a wealthy and erudite gentleman of leisure. Instructed at home, the prodigy was reading Racine and Aristophanes by the age of eight. When the girl was 16, her papa privately published her first work of verse, and the two devised Marguerite's almost anagrammatic nom de plume. Reviewing her own debut, Yourcenar admits, "A young musician plays scales in his room and only bores his family. A beginning writer, on the other hand, sometimes has the misfortune of getting into print."

Marguerite Yourcenar
Accompanied by invisible women

Yourcenar's fortunes altered at 24, when her father died, leaving her alone but financially independent. She had published four novels when World War II decimated her patrimony; at the suggestion of Translator Grace Frick, she left for America. There she became an instructor in comparative literature at Sarah Lawrence College, translating in her spare time—Greek poetry and Negro spirituals for pleasure, Henry James and Virginia Woolf for pay. During the war she continued research on her historical masterwork, *Memoirs of Hadrian*. She was "astounded by the generosity of American universities. They lend you books and let you take them home, which is something the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris never lets you do. So of course I decided to stay."

Home became a house in Northeast Harbor, on an island off the Maine coast, where, with Frick, she resumed her literary career. *Memoirs*, a fictive letter from the Emperor to his adopted grandson Marcus Aurelius, shows Yourcenar's characteristic traits: the ability to make a vanished society fresh and immediate, a stoic philosphy, and a cool, marmoreal style. *The Abyss* evoked 16th century France with its skirmishes of science and faith. Save for one other novel, *Coup de Grâce*, set in the Bolshevik revolutionary years, Yourcenar's *oeuvre* remains untranslated in America. One reason is that Grace Frick, who died in 1979, had been ill for a decade. Recalls Yourcenar: "It would have been too cruel to take her work from her. Then she would have known that her disease was incurable."

If the newest Immortal finds her recent admission academic, it has served several incidental purposes. For one thing, previously ignored works are now being translated into English. A collection of prose poems, *Fires*, will be published in the U.S. this spring, and a 1934 novel, *Denier du Rêve* (Coin of the Dream), is due next year. The others are certain to follow And though she dismisses the new feminists ("You can't obtain anything durable through aggression"), she has advanced their cause simply by standing still and letting the world catch up with her achievements. Typically, Yourcenar's summary needs no elaboration: "The real feminist victory is a woman who does her work well." *Les mots justes, Immortelle. Encore!* ■

Picasso by Mili, 1949

Princely Prints

GJON MILI: PHOTOGRAPHS & RECOLLECTIONS
New York Graphic; 249 pages; $40

In a sense, Gjon Mili is the Marcel Duchamp of photography. As a trained engineer he pioneered the use of electronic flash and multiple-exposure photographs, then, in 1938, started doing stories for LIFE magazine. There he revolutionized his art and influenced two generations of journalists. "Time could truly be made to stand still," he recalls in this extraordinary book of prose and picture recollections. "Texture could be retained despite sudden, violent movement." The book includes a fair number of famous Mili pictures doing just that: his own version of Duchamp's *Nude Descending a Staircase* the 37-mm cannon shell stopped at one-millionth of a second as it leaves the nose of a fighter plane; Pitcher Carl Hubbell's arm and hand caught in the act of committing a knuckle ball; Ballerina Nora Kaye transformed into a tornado of multiple images during a *pas de bourrée*. Pablo Picasso holding a penlight in his darkened studio, carving a picture out of thin air.

These alone would make a brilliant volume. Mili offers more. Nobody has photographed dance, theater and performing musicians better than he did. His visions of Florence and Chartres Cathedral are almost enough to make a trip to either place unnecessary. With great compression the book also tells the story of Mili's life from the time he emigrated from Rumania and went to M.I.T. as a skinny teen-ager, to the journey back to Bucharest 48 years later to visit his mother's grave. Free of the technical gush that sometimes afflicts photographers exposed to print, Mili offers brief notes on the art

of portraiture, illustrating them with dramatically juxtaposed pictures of famous people, among them Pablo Casals, Adolf Eichmann, Jean Paul Sartre, Alfred Hitchcock and Henri Matisse. Perhaps the best is Sean O'Casey, a perfect proof that color film does not always destroy the power and the mood of a portrait.

The old Irish playwright, almost blind, appears in his shabby, shadowy room, warmed by a dark red blanket, looking like some sort of sweet yet cranky prince of the mind and spirit. On the basis of his memoirs, that is just what Gjon Mili appears to be. —*By Timothy Foote*

Editors' Choice

FICTION: The Book of Laughter and Forgetting, *Milan Kundera* • A Book of Women Poets from Antiquity to Now, *edited by Aliki Barnstone and Willis Barnstone* • The Collected Stories of Elizabeth Bowen, *Elizabeth Bowen* • Housekeeping, *Marilynne Robinson* • Italian Folktales, *selected and retold by Italo Calvino* • Other People's Worlds, *William Trevor*

NONFICTION: Ambition, *Joseph Epstein* American Dreams, *Studs Terkel* The Golden Century of Italian Opera, *William Weaver* • The Magazine Maze, *Herbert R. Mayes* Walt Whitman, *Justin Kaplan* Ways of Escape, *Graham Greene*

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. The Covenant, *Michener (1 last week)*
2. Answer as a Man, *Caldwell (4)*
3. Brain 2000, *Gann*
4. Rage of Angels, *Sheldon (7)*
5. Firestarter, *King (2)*
6. The Key to Rebecca, *Follett (6)*
7. Come Pour the Wine, *Freeman (8)*
8. Unfinished Tales, *Tolkien (5)*
9. Loon Lake, *Doctorow*
10. The Fifth Horseman, *Collins & Lapierre (9)*

NONFICTION

1. Nice Girls Do, *Kassorla (5)*
2. Crisis Investing, *Casey (1)*
3. Betty Crocker's International Cookbook *(7)*
4. The Coming Currency Collapse, *Smith (3)*
5. Dr. Rechtschaffen's Diet for Lifetime Weight Control and Better Health, *Rechtschaffen & Carola*
6. The Sky's the Limit, *Dyer (2)*
7. Craig Claiborne's Gourmet Diet, *Claiborne with Franey*
8. The Last Mafioso, *Demaris*
9. You Can Negotiate Anything, *Cohen (6)*
10. Best Evidence, *Lifton*

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Sport

The Bone of Contention

A basketball giant ends his career in injury and litigation

When he could play, Bill Walton was the Man Mountain of basketball, a flame-haired, 6-ft. 11-in., 225-lb. human wall beneath the basket. The true measure of his greatness was the glint in his eyes, the concentrated, almost maniacal fury that burned when he leaped to block a shot or scanned the floor before rifling an outlet pass on a fast break. That intensity made Walton one of the finest and most feared centers of his generation.

At U.C.L.A., he carried the Bruins to two national championships in three years. Yet when he joined the Portland Trail Blazers as the top pick of the draft, the dream began to unravel. Walton was plagued by injuries and played just part of his first two seasons. Caught up on the fringes of radical politics, he was questioned by the FBI when it was suspected that one of his friends had harbored Patty Hearst during her days as a fugitive. Introspective and reclusive in a world of exhibitionists, Walton was a vegetarian who preferred a lumberjack's wool shirts to superfly fur coats.

Through it all, he retained his aura of great promise. In 1976-77, Walton's only season free of injuries, he took the Trail Blazers to the league championship and won the Most Valuable Player award in the playoffs. The following year, Portland again jumped off to an early lead. But midway through the season, Walton broke the tarsal navicular bone in his left foot, just under the ankle. Though hobbled, he returned for the playoffs. Walton has subsequently charged in a lawsuit that the Trail Blazers' doctor injected him with painkilling drugs to enable him to play, thus aggravating his injury. A long and fruitless rehabilitation began.

When his contract with Portland expired in 1979, Walton signed with the San Diego Clippers for an estimated $750,000 a year. Though assured that his injury had healed, the Clippers took no chances: they secured a $1.25 million insurance policy on their fragile star from member companies of Lloyd's of London.

When Walton began the 1979 exhibition season, he developed a crippling pain in his left foot. It was discovered that he had rebroken the same tarsal navicular bone. He came back to try again in early 1980, went up for a rebound—and injured the bone yet again. Walton made a final attempt at taking to the court during training camp last fall, but the pain in his foot was so severe that, at last, Walton, his doctors and the Clippers faced an all too obvious fact: at 28, Bill Walton would not play basketball again.

Ironically, Walton's fate might easily have been prevented years ago. He was born with high arches and a left heel bone that does not allow his foot to turn out. So when he walks or jumps, the impact is concentrated on the ball of his foot rather than being more evenly distributed. According to his physician and adviser, Dr. Ernie Vandeweghe, a former N.B.A. player, such conditions are often repaired when a youngster reaches adolescence. Says Vandeweghe: "But by that time, Bill was already a pretty valuable commodity, already on his way to stardom. And he never complained about the pain. He lived and played throughout his life in a great deal of pain. He didn't know that having his feet hurt wasn't normal."

Walton underwent surgery Jan. 29 to correct the congenital malformation of his left foot. Meanwhile, the Clippers are suing the insurance companies for $12.5 million for failing to pay off on the policy on the grounds that it excludes injuries like Walton's. By the time his contract expires in 1985, he will have been paid approximately $300,000 for each of the 14 regular-season games he has played for San Diego. The operation, a Clippers spokesman said, will not make it possible for him to play basketball again. It is too late for that. Instead, the spokesman said "the surgery was just to help him live his life without pain every time he takes a step." ■

AP

Bill Walton in one of his last games

MARTHA SWOPE

Jane Lapotaire, soul-seared, in *Piaf*

Theater

Lucifer's Toy

PIAF *by Pam Gems*

Affinity is the most potent magic the theater has to offer. When Jason Robards plays Eugene O'Neill or Julie Harris portrays Emily Dickinson, the evening is transfiguring—both radiantly illuminating and deeply moving. That is what is happening on the stage of Broadway's Plymouth Theater, where Jane Lapotaire plays Edith Piaf as if she is being flayed alive and only the lacerated nerve ends glow in the dark like neon.

Lapotaire renders Piaf, the diminutive poet-songstress of the pre-dawn city blues, with matchless psychological fidelity. She gives us Piaf, whom the French called the Sparrow, as an eagle in courage. She makes us know Piaf soul-seared, the Paris gutter urchin, the cagey whore whom the world came to hold in the embrace of fame but who could not keep her own life from seeping through her splayed fingers, at 47 in 1963 spent by alcohol, morphine, sex and cancer.

Some people are bathed in a perverse glory, as if they were Lucifer's playthings instead of God's creatures. Piaf was one of these, and Lapotaire never lets us forget it. The play unfolds through sketchy vignettes, some of which are disconcerting, such as the ones that have Marcel Cerdan, the French middleweight champion and Piaf's love of loves, being played by a black, and a Marlene Dietrich who is downright frumpy. A medal of merit should be struck for Zoë Wanamaker; as the prostitute pal of Piaf's who later achieves smug respectability, she is a perfect foil for Lapotaire, and their scenes together are wickedly droll.

—By T.E. Kalem

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